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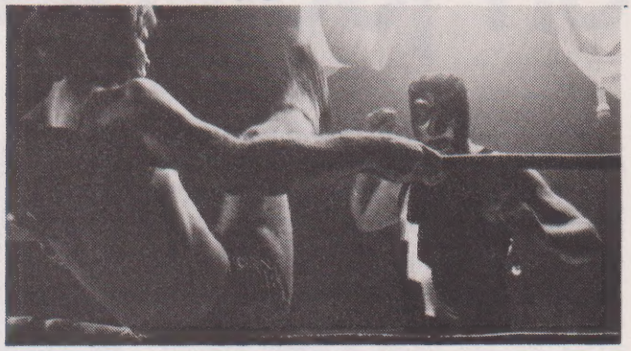
TORONTO FILM SOCIETY

JUL 12 1978

Cover: A hopeful Jungle Boy (Brian Patrick Clarke) hoists his lady (Micheline Lanctot) high in a bid to rile up the crowd for the evening's fight. See the articles on Blood and Guts page 21-25.



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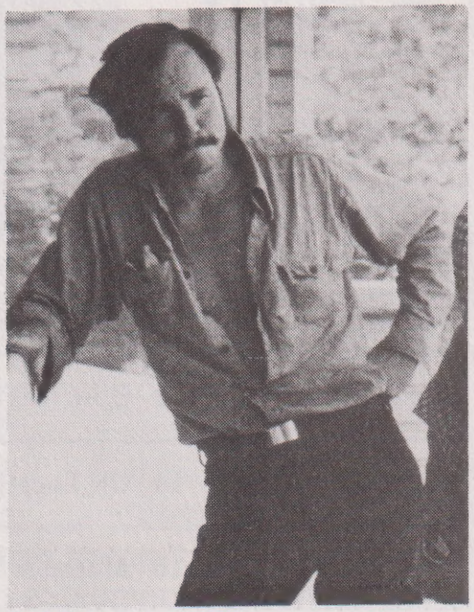
SPOTLIGHT...

on jock brandis

Jock Brandis has managed to immerse the conventional wisdom of the film business into a totally enigmatic lifestyle and still remain well ahead of the game. He lives on a tugboat in Toronto Harbour, restores and rides antique motorcycles, has his wardrobe fitted by the finest in Army Surplus and is able to tap dance into a frenzy without the slightest effort.

As Jock Brandis, he is fully equipped lighting man with an armload of features to his credit. As Brandstead Industries, he is an innovative design and manufacturing company, constructing lighting, grip and special effects equipment. His name is an anglicized version of the Dutch name "Joost" – and his adventures tell it all.



Jock Brandis

Cinema Canada: *In the years I've known you, you have established yourself as a living, breathing legend in the film business. Where did it all begin?*

Jock Brandis: I was born in Holland and raised around, in various places, took on a military career which I didn't like, then a high school teaching career which turned me into a Marxist-Leninist. I decided early on that the trick behind Marxist-Leninism was making great revolutionary films. So, I rushed out and bought myself an Eclair and stepped eagerly into the wonderful game of making films so that I could in fact fan the flames of discontent. Unfortunately, by the time I had gotten the knack of the film business, my politics had waned to a near guttering light in the bottom of the barrel...

While on this threshold of discontent, let's just backtrack. To be a bit more specific, you mention a military career...

Well, although the Royal Canadian Navy Reserve put me through university they were disappointed because I changed my major half way through. Although they thought they'd end up with a bio-chemist, they ended up with an anthropologist. They felt cheated, but none the less they threw me into the system and I became a navigation officer. We parted company on friendly terms and I went into being an eager social worker for Oxfam. I did a variety of activities... Biafra air-lift operation, various other bits of public relations, hospital organization, signing receipts and sending out Christmas cards... and other nice things that Oxfam people do. Then I got into teaching.

Was this regular Ontario high school?

No, this was the CUSO. They sent me down, four happy years in Jamaica, teaching high school. I'd gone with the intention of teaching auto-mechanics. Unfortunately, the head-master and I were the only teachers who were university graduates. All the other 30 teachers were high school grads and they thought it would be an affront to the other people to have me teaching technical subjects. So, in order to save face I taught biology, chemistry and West Indian geography.

Was it in Jamaica that you got your first taste of filmmaking?

Basically, yes. I matched socially with Perry Hensel, who later went on to do **The Harder They Come.** He did a fair amount of commercial work, stuff with the local TV broadcasting system. So on weekends I would wander out on film locations with him. That got me mildly interested in filmmaking. My political discontent was another story.

So now you were back to the point where you ideals – after a certain amount of film experience – were more or less re-arranged. Where did you go from there?

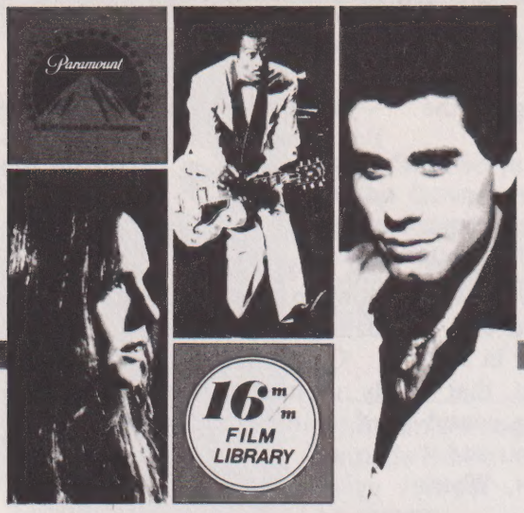
I was at this point back in Toronto, NABET was sending me out to do Ford Motor commercials with Advertel which was fine with me because Advertel was right behind that little Marxist bookshop and everybody else would go out for a wet lunch and I would go browsing and come back with some bargain basement copies of Lenin's work that had been thrown into the bathtub by the Western Guard the night before. On the surface I was never in the film business, the same as most people; I just did whatever I could.

So that was basically as a lighting man?

I don't know exactly how I ended up being a lighting man in the union. I just did. When I went to university and high school I had done all the amateur lighting for operettas and all that sort of amateur drama stuff and I just somehow managed to talk myself into being the lighting man.

So later, did you talk yourself into being a cameraman?

I bought a camera and talked everyone else into the fact that I was a cameraman. The assumption is that if you have an expensive camera you know how to use it. Fortunately the first few films that I started off doing were sort of simple industrial educational films and I sort of learned on the job fairly quickly. I had never been an assistant cameraman so I didn't know any of the rituals. But it's all tech-



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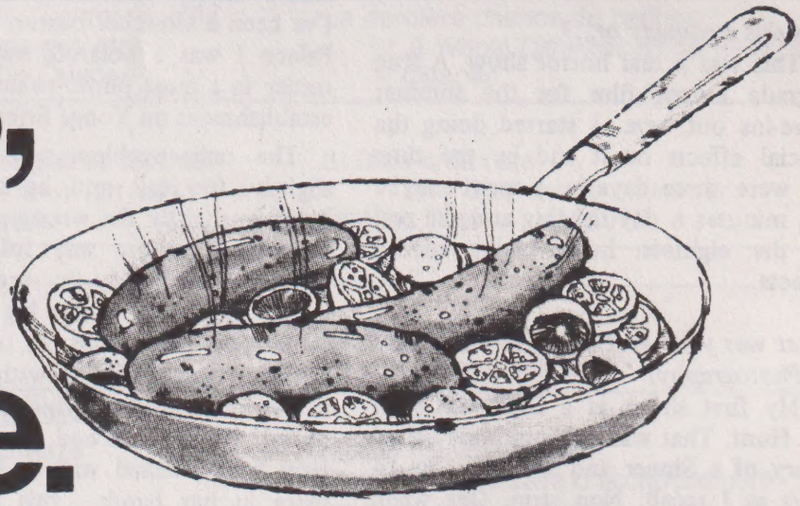

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nology, it's all fairly logical; it will rarely leave you with problems on your hands. I worked for Moreland Latchford and for Halliwani Films, and a whole variety of small independent filmmakers.

So graduating from industrials and documentaries, your first feature was of a less educational nature?

My first feature was shot down in Detroit. I, in fact, did the lighting on that but it was my first big taste of special effects because, as it turned out, it was an incredibly complicated special effects movie about a bed that ate people. The day before we were actually going to start shooting, I had done a pre-light for the whole studio and the director came over to me and said, by the way, if I had a bit of spare time, they still hadn't figured out how to get the bed to actually munch the people. It was written in the script that the bed actually swallowed people but no one had figured it out and they didn't have anyone hired to do special effects. So at the last minute I was to try and figure it out.

Was this a comedy or...?

This was a real horror show. A true G-grade horror film for the summer drive-ins out here. I started doing the special effects on it and by the time we were three days in, I spent maybe ten minutes a day lighting and the rest of the eighteen hours doing special effects.

What was your first shoot as a Director of Photography?

My first shoot as a DOP was with Ed Hunt. That was a 35mm epic called **Diary of a Sinner** and we did it in 14 days as I recall. Non stop. One week was shooting with an Arri 11C and no sound. The next week was with a Panavision and sync sound.

That, in fact, was the last film that I also operated as a DOP on, being my first and last venture into 35mm features as a cameraman. I've been involved in many Ed Hunt features. In fact, I think I've been involved in every feature that Ed Hunt has done in this country. However the film that I started to shoot for Ed after we had done **Diary of a Sinner**.. well, Ed and I parted company half way through. It was a general non meeting of the minds.

So the laying to rest of the...

Of, the famous laying to rest of the lightmeter... The evening of the day that Ed and I decided that the cameraman-director relationship could end, I wandered down to the harbour in such a state of artistic frustration that I sailed my Spectra lightmeter a considerable distance into the harbour and it splashed and sank from view. Where it rests to this day.

Tell us about **Pleasure Palace.**

This was another Ed Hunt feature. I think it was his first 35mm feature in this country. It was a fast and tacky skinflick. Bennet Fode produced it for Phoneix Films. I did the lighting on it; Lance Carlson was the cameraman. It wasn't a notable film in any sense; in fact it was a remarkably un-notable film in almost all senses.

My big break there was to appear as an extra as I've appeared in most of the films that I've lit. I've been a naked hippy swimming in a pond. I've been a stretcher bearer. In **Pleasure Palace** I was a polaroid swinging customer in a nude photo-palace body-rub establishment on Yonge Street.

The only problem was that being slightly too tall and having set the lights in slightly the wrong positions; I had to stoop my way following this well endowed lady in order to end up in the frame in my big shots. The initial two shots were me fully dressed pursuing naked ladies with a camera in my hand. And the final shot was me naked being followed by the same lady fully dressed with a Polaroid camera in her hands... this was one of those wonderful sight gags that didn't work.

Fortunately, due to Canadian censorship laws, you can't show the naughty bits of a goffer and rather than matte in some boxer shorts they threw the shot out.

How about **Race Home To Die?**

Well that was an interesting situation. That was basically an English crew that came over and they decided to have a token Canadian on the crew. We had a Canadian director – Peter Thompson – and I was brought on as the gaffer. I'd spent the whole summer doing *Polka Dot Door, Alphabet Soup* and *Professor Magic* up at OECA so by that time, I was skipping around singing songs about elephants and learning how to cut out paper dolls and not damage my mother's scissors.

Going from that onto a rather grisly motorcycle gang feature was a bit of cultural shock. They didn't want to cut out paper dolls in the motorcycle club... But for me it was my first truly big budget epic and, of course, it was never released. But it involved a lot of (to me) very new lighting techniques that were brought over here by the Canadian cameraman John Crawford. Being most patient, he took the time to explain to me how things were going over in England. He described the wonders of spun glass on minibrutes and bounce-off styrofoam.

It was, in fact, on that epic that I decided to invent the Lightbeam because they made all the temporary grid arrangements out of two-by-fours. And that may have been all right twenty years ago but in the year 1975 it was hard to get a good 16 foot two-by-four that wouldn't twist and warp as soon as you put a light on it and left it up for a day.

A Lightbeam is a simple idea: to have a portable grid if you're not going to be filming in a studio and you want to keep your lights off the floor. It's an arrangement that can be set up in almost any room to hang lights and microphones and what-not. It's a sophisticated and sturdy polecat system that's slightly more expandable. I started to manufacture them and they appeared to be instantly popular, though not in this country because obviously it was a Canadian invention and therefore it would never be popular in Canada. Had it been an American invention every one would have bought it up by the dozens. The National Film Board wasn't interested and the CBC wasn't interested either. I had a feeling had it been made by Mole Richardson of Hollywood they would have bought a million of them, but...

It was recommended that I go see Lee Electric in England and I went and arranged a deal to sell these Lightbeams. They were very enthusiastic about them and told me they could

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Direction générale du cinéma du Québec

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A man's home is his...castle?

sell as fast as I could make them. So I geared up. I was entirely into a manufacturing operation and they were on the phone every day urging me on to greater production levels, shipping them to Israel and France, Italy and everywhere. Then all of a sudden the orders ceased. I found out later it was because the folks at Lee Electric had decided to manufacture and sell them for themselves. Unfortunately, at the same time my American agents (with whom I had made a similar deal through Lee Electric) also ceased their orders from New York because of course Lee Electric had supplied them with their version of my product.

Such is life in the fast lane.

So you put together a machine shop but it was basically metalworking in aluminum. What else have you constructed?

Well, I've built the better part of a copy of an Oxberry Animation for Nelvana here in Toronto. They complain about it but they do run it 18 hours a day with hardly any problems. They didn't pay me very much money for it so that strikes me as being a good reason why I should ignore their complaints. They use it and it works and they complain and I ignore them. It seems to be a fairly satisfactory relationship. I also built... guess you'd call it a Vertical Animation Stand... for live action filming for the famous **Starship Invasions.** It proved to be successful for what it was supposed to do, but it ended up being used in kind of a chaotic fashion.

To go slightly into detail what did this glass arrangement achieve?

The idea was that the cameraman sits in a rather large blacked out housing and in front of him is a large picture window, a large piece of glass with a tiny model of a flying saucer. This saucer model is lit in the same fashion as the background and the lighting is bright enough that the whole filming operation can take place at F22 which gives it an infinite depth of field for a wide angle lens. And providing that the live action people in the background are reacting in the correct way, the small model – in this case a flying saucer – (which is in fact close to the lens) appears to be very far away. It moves around and people react to it and that is the essense of the device. The major problem with that was after the thing was designed to be used for three shots, always about two miles from my workshop, it was decided that it should be trucked up and put in small boxes and shipped to Paris, Rome, Hong Kong and Cairo. So after it was chopped up it had all the reliability and complexity of the Canadian postal system. Although it might be resurrected from the ashes, to see it now, it looks like a telephone exchange.

I know that you have redesigned a number of lights; minibrutes and softlights, and built them out of aluminum instead of steel as the famous Mole Richardson does. What was your reason in doing that?

Well, I spend most of my day carrying lights in and out of trucks, up and down stairs, putting them on and off stands, raising them up and down and spinning them around, and as soon as you make a light out of welded steel – or in some cases even cast steel – then you're hauling an awful lot of hardware around. Aluminum is nice material to work with. It's lightweight. With careful design it can be made as strong as steel, and it disipates the heat much more rapidly, so in a lot of situations your bulb life is longer because your bulbs are in a cold state. The other reason I built them out of aluminum is that aluminum is a much easier metal to work with. If you have a pair of tin snips and a pop riveter you can make a softlight. I have softlights now – 4K softlights that weigh 22 pounds – that have been on the regular rental basis for 3 years which don't have any dents and work quite nicely.

So with all this arrangement of lights and so on, what features have you lit?

Well, the unreleased feature is as Canadian as the War Measures Act. I took great pride in doing lighting for Henry Fiks on a wonderful feature called **125 Rooms of Comfort** which means absolutely nothing to anyone who didn't work on it. It was one of those Canadian Film Development Corp. $125,000 features which was a fine artistic success but which never saw the light of day. It sits on someone's shelf. I guess I'd better go in a backwards fashion because my life is always like a receding horizon.

In 1977, I did the lighting on the Markowitz feature about the Demeter

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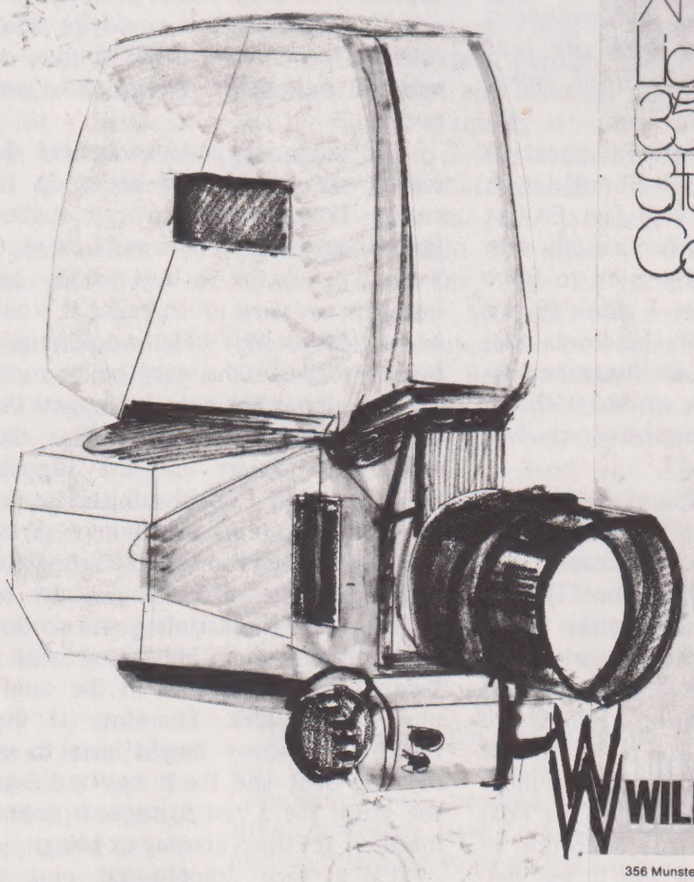

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murder case called **Hugs and Kisses** and, before that, I did lighting on Peter O'Brien's **Blood and Guts**. It's interesting to note that **Hugs and Kisses** had more blood and guts than **Blood and Guts** which had more hugs and kisses in it. If you'd swap the titles, it's be much more representative. Previous to that, I had spent about nine months doing special effects lighting for the Hal Roach **Starship Invasion**, ... I even did a few minutes of underwater photography for them in the Florida Keys which never appeared on the screen despite the fact that I almost drowned on several occasions.

That was an interesting gig because it's always wonderful to fantasize about lighting up the Universe so that it looks like the Universe. I would light up the moon so that it looks like the moon... but how do you light a rocketship travelling through dark space so that it doesn't look like a runaway hubcap?

So during this period of X number of features and movies and inventions you managed to move from dry land to a somewhat more nautical home. Where exactly do you live now?

I live on an old steel tugboat in Toronto harbour. I think I bought it on a whim. It happened very fast. So fast that in retrospect I'm not exactly sure what had gotten in my mind to force me to buy this boat. I think it was having battles with the landlords that did it. Australian landlords to be specific. Now I only have to deal with the Toronto Harbour Commission which is another ball of wax.

I decided to move on a boat because it was a cheap house. You can't buy a house for $10,000 in Toronto but you can buy a big boat for $10,000. And, ergo, being El Cheapster that I am, I decided I would try it out. It has been made the subject of a media event which is to say the National Film Board is doing a film about the restoration of the tug boat. The film is costing more than the actual restoration of the boat which I think is the true definition of a media event. Often you'll see two people working on the boat and four people filming the two people working.

At the same time that you were inventing things, shooting and lighting features, living and restoring on a tug boat you have been also writing scripts.

I've been writing scripts for many years. They tend to run on social themes. For example, I was a general gaffer/grip and cynic on an Imperial Oil tour of the Arctic: an exposé on muskeg, I think it was. It was an interesting endeavour and I fantasized slightly on the politics I saw around me and came up with a wonderful bit of whimsy called **Kung Fu Eskimos**, the general line of which is a group of revolutionary eskimos, disguising themselves as a native ballet troup, tour the south wreaking havoc on government institutions as they go, finally setting all of the long lists of injustices done on the native peoples of the north. As you see, definitely a social theme with political overtones and an awful lot of useless sex and violence and a good chase scene which must take up three quarters of the entire film.

I understand that there is now a new feature screenplay which you have just completed and which could be safely called a caper film. What unique experience caused this feature to be written?

The unique experience behind this script was that I was sitting in the empty boiler room on my tugboat fantasizing about boilers and how much work it would be to buy a boiler and install it and how much easier it would be to write a script which would require boilers to be in this very boiler room. My experience has been in the past that if people need things for films they snap their fingers and they appear. So I thought if I could sell a script that requires major installations on a tug boat that if they bought the script they would have to obviously use my tug boat because the scripting was so carefully done that no other tug boat in the entire world would fit the careful plot contrivances. Therefore if they bought the script they'd have to use my tug boat and fix it up, or I'd sell the script for a vast fortune. It doesn't matter, I get them coming or going.

It's a very complicated plot involving a tug boat, a perfect Brinks truck robbery and general malaise in the police department of our fair city. I've always been a great critic of Canadian film scripts. I believe that Canadian films are like watching a person paint a picket fence: you always know what's going to happen next. So, when I write scripts I always make sure that no one has the slightest idea what is going to happen next and even when people actually read the script, they're not sure what has just happened...

And this has helped you through life no doubt?

It has. No one knows what's going to happen next to me except for my bank manager; and he's not talking.

What of the future? Assuming your tug boat does get fitted with a boiler?

Well, I don't know. I've changed a lot of professions over the years and I probably will change through a lot more and make and break my fortune a couple of times but I'm slightly hooked on the film business. It drives me crazy twelve months a year but I like the thought that there's something else I could do so that I could putter around in an ocean going tug boat and light the odd feature. That would strike me right now as being as close to Paradise as I can aspire.

Rumour had it that with all your machine shop equipment and talents the ideal occupation would be to sail to the Carribean and serve as a floating workshop to save shipwrecked Americans whose boats were at the mercy of hurricanes or crazed Bahamian mechanics.

Millionaires. I've always liked American millionaires in sinking ships especially when I can save them. That is right now the official scenario. But I have a feeling that many things will happen along the way to that goal...

Well, as you're aware, most of those in the film business in Toronto would shed many a tear were the Salvage Prince to sail out the east gap and leave us for ever. On the other hand, were it to end up just off the coast of Jamaica where we could come and rest all winter at your mercy, those many tears would soon dry up and planes south-bound would be packed so we'll get you coming or going Jock. You're never safe.

Well, wherever I go, I always keep a sungun in my back pocket and my rates are...

Mark Irwin

how to treat the donnellys ?

by Hugh Graham

Finding the right story and turning it into a proper script seems to be at the heart of the challenge to Canadian filmmakers. Below, Hugh Graham documents the many efforts to produce a sound script, based on one of Canada's most promising (most infamous?) real-life sagas, the story of the feuding Donnellys.

In the twenty-four years since Thomas P. Kelley resurrected the story of Canada's famous feuding family in his lurid folk potboiler "The Black Donnellys," no filmmaker has yet moved beyond the script stage in producing a movie on the Donnellys. The events as they occured, not to mention the legends they produced, easily provide the material for a first rate feature film. Yet, numerous attempts to put the story on screen have been almost as ill-fated as were the Donnellys themselves.

One production company, however, has plans underway and may begin shooting late this year, and another still lists a Donnelly project as a possibility.

For those who are unfamiliar with the circumstances of the famous Canadian feuding family, Jim Donnelly was a moody Tipperary Catholic who, in 1847, settled near Lucan, Ontario, an Irish district prey to religious and political strife. Donnellys' murder of another man over a property dispute, religious bigotry, a violent stage coach war and the general lawlessness of the region developed into a thirty year feud of arson, assault and murder which ostracized the Donnelly family. The events led to the formation of a Church-sanctioned committee, and culminated in the committee's massacre of five Donnellys on a February night in 1880. A year of trials failed in the end to bring any of the murderers to justice.

Although the Donnelly feud was ultimately less violent in terms of lives lost than the concurrent struggles of Jesse James, Billy the Kid and the other outlaws of the American West, the three decades of faction fighting north of London, Ontario, is far more complex, its psychology more difficult, and its conflicts more interwoven than those of the American outlaws. In fact, there's probably enough material in any one year or aspect of the story to sustain a film by itself.

Hugh Graham is a free-lance writer from Toronto who works at the CBC and has written several plays including one on the Donnellys.

It is this very complexity that has repeatedly frustrated scriptwriters. There have probably been more bad scripts written on the Donnellys than on any other Canadian subject.

This story of Irish-Canadian farmers is unique in the North American history, and demands a unique treatment in film. But the subject is equally attractive to producers of 'B' action pictures as it is to serious filmmakers; therein lies the danger.

Around 1970, Bill Marshall, now head of the Film Consortium of Canada Inc., and producer of the highly successful **Outrageous**, bought the rights to Orlo Miller's book "The Donnellys Must Die," then the most factual account of the feud. At that time, Marshall's own company, Marshall-Taylor, was working in conjunction with John Bassett's Agincourt Productions. In 1973, Bassett commissioned Marshall to develop a script based on the book, with Miller advising.

Marshall's screenplay was then sent to England for further development by Chris Scott and Alan Bryant, the screen adaptors of **Don't Look Now** and **Murder on the Orient Express**. They produced a further draft. Seeing problems remaining in both scripts, Marshall wrote a third which was generally approved. Bassett took the script to Hollywood director John Huston, who was impressed to the point of considering Robert Redford as a star. As far as I know, this is the closest brush the Donnellys have had with Hollywood.

The proposed film was budgeted at a basic below-the-line cost of one million dollars, the Canadian Film Development Corporation was prepared to put up financial backing and, although upstate New York was considered as a location, the film was intended to be shot in Ontario.

The cameras were about to roll when the government adopted new rules concerning the taxation of film investment in Canada. Around the same time, Baton Broadcasting, the parent of Bassett's Agincourt Productions went public and so invested part of the assets into the public company. Marshall's own company (by then Limelight Productions) decided to

The Donnelly's own schoolhouse, built on a corner of their farm.

go ahead with the film independently, but the stock brokers advised them against it. With the new tax legislation, they warned that Limelight would be unable to predict for two years what would happen to the shareholders' investments. The project was shelved.

In 1976, Marshall finally got a Donnelly film strategy down to National Revenue but, by then, Limelight was involved with other projects.

Although he has taken no further steps, Marshall is considering the resumption of **The Donnellys Must Die**, though now he would insist on a posh four-million-dollar production and the use of international names.

An outline and research for another Donnelly screenplay was worked out by Murray Markowitz of Paradise Films (**August and July**, **Recommendation for Mercy**, **I Miss You**, **Hugs and Kisses**) and Leonard Yakir (**The Mourning Suit**) in 1976. Searching for a producer, Markowitz approached John Kemeny who, apparently aware of the labyrinthine complexity of the Donnelly story, refused.

Here, the story takes a rather strange turn. Markowitz had already worked with Jim Smallwood, publisher of Paperjacks, (the soft-cover division of Simon and Shuster) on a book concerning the Truscott affair. Smallwood was interested in the Donnelly story and, together, they decided to publish a book based on the initial screenplay. The point of this peculiar venture was that the book would operate as a precursor tie-in to promote an eventual film. To write the book, they ferreted out communications consultant and freelance writer Bill Crichton, who materialized from the mists of Don Mills.

About this time, the CFDC agreed to consider financial backing, provided Markowitz found a producer; he turned out to be Henning Jacobson, a producer of industrial films.

Backed by Jacobson and the government, Markowitz wanted to work within a minimum budget of one million dollars and was thinking of Liv Ullman as the salty matriarch Johanna Donnelly, and of Richard Chamerland or Peter O'Toole as the spirited canny cripple, Will Donnelly.

Meanwhile, Markowitz' and Yakir's collaboration on a screenplay was becoming difficult because of disagreements as to treatment. Yakir took a historical factual approach, and Markowitz was preoccupied with the legend. The final screenplay was out of focus and discordant. To make matters worse, Markowitz, accustomed to being his own boss, wanted more control, over the product than producer Jacobson was willing to concede, particularly considering the latter's lack of confidence in the screenplay.

Eventually, disagreements between director Markowitz and producer Jacobson let to a split. Markowitz gathered all the strings together and sold the whole "property" (package? concept? notion? I can't seem to find the right expression) to his partner Henning Jacobson. In explaining this probably wise move, Markowitz said, "Making a film is like having a wife. You start off with nothing and you build a relationship and you get to know her very well; and then, it either lasts or you go on to another one."

Crichton's highly colored novel "The Donnelly Murders" was thinly adapted from Markowitz' screenplay. The book instantly paid for itself and, to date, has sold over 60,000 copies. Publisher Jim Smallwood is happily anticipating greater sales with the distribution of what will eventually be Jacobson's movie.

But whence comes the elusive screenplay for Mr. Jacobson's venture? It's time to read this sitting down. A *new* screenplay is presently being adapted by Mr. Crichton from his book, "The Donnelly Murders." So here we have a screenplay based on a book which in turn was adapted from an earlier failed screenplay which couldn't make up its mind between fact and legend. After all this, I hope the Donnellys aren't going to suffer any further successive literary mutation. Calling to mind the genetic mishaps of backwoods inbreeding, one wonders what the truth's descendant will look like when it gets into the screen? It looks as if we won't have to sit around in apprehension for very long, though. Filming on the Jacobson project has been tentatively scheduled to begin in December of this year.

Jacobson envisions a five-million-dollar British-Canadian venture with Irish and Candian actors. He has Richard Harris in mind for a starring role.

Add to this exhausting story an apparent one-time scheme of Allan Moyle's to do a short documentary in which a series of psychics are sequestered in a room and surrounded by various Donnelly antiques and objects from which they divine the true facts of the feud.

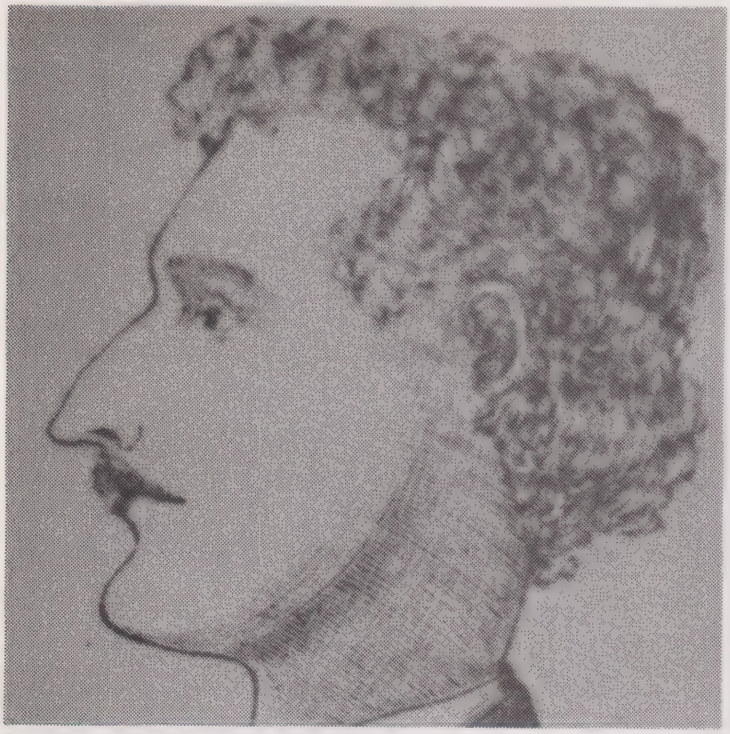
But it doesn't end there. The rights to "The Black Donnellys," the initial T.P. Kelley potboiler are now kicking around in the hands of Mr. Sam Roy of Saroy Productions, and Columbia has apparently flirted with the property.

A recent addition to the list of scripts on the Donnellys was written by Ray Fazakas, a Hamilton lawyer and author of the book, "The Donnelly Album." Fazakas was consulted by the people from Bassett's Agincourt Productions but, for the most part, his work, probably the most accurate and unbiased account of the feud, has been curiously ignored by other filmmakers.

Since it seemed that everyone else had written a screenplay, Mr. Fazakas thought that, having the facts at this fingertips, he might as well give it a try. His script, "The Donnelly Story," now sits with Bugge Crawley (Crawley Films) among others. Although Fazakas had never written a screenplay before, his script is a spare, orderly, and spirited breakdown of the major events from beginning to end. Beyond that, his work is prey to the perennial Donnelly difficulties. In his desire to get all the most exciting events into two hours and still maintain accuracy, character development, interpretation, and theme are lost to a comprehensive redaction of the events spiced with stage Irish. This is the recurrent problem; too many of the facts are irresistable and no one is willing to sacrifice enough of them to focus.

Fazakas, who in his book drew an interesting and original class interpretation of the feud, failed to present that angle in his screenplay.

Recently, an English professor by the name of William Butt, at the University of Western Ontario, has expressed concern that a film be made about the Donnellys, with integrity and respect for the facts. He has apparently researched the subject thoroughly and written his own screenplay which is currently being considered by the CFDC.



John Donnelly, from a sketch in the London Daily Advertiser.

The other problem is that the Donnelly story naturally invites moral interpretation with the result that there are now several different attitudes toward their history: the Donnellys were demons and they were executed (T.P. Kelly); the Donnellys were pretty rough but they didn't deserve what they got (Fazakas' "Donnelly Album"); the Donnellys were largely innocent victims of religious and social circumstances beyond their control (Orlo Miller); the Donnellys were good, and they were martyred (James Reaney's stage trilogy "The Donnelly Trilogy," and Crichton's "The Donnelly Murders").

Bill Marshall seems to have taken the wisest course; although he bases his screenplay on "The Donnellys Must Die," he rejects some of Miller's bias by downplaying the religious element and demonstrates an intelligent respect for the ambiguities in the story. Marshall sees the Donnelly's slaughter by the Vigilantes as the elimination of noncomformists by a conformist society. Undoubtedly the Donnellys were, to some degree, bad, but as Marshall puts it, "probably the closest to the truth is that in those times things that we consider villainy now were part of a hard hard life."

Markowitz' approach was more melodramatic. For one thing, he drew inspiration from Arthur Miller's play, "The Crucible," and saw parallels between the persecution of the Donnellys and the fanatical witch hunts of Salem. This is Markowitz' view of the enmity between the anti-Protestant Whiteboy Catholics' secret society, and the moderate Blackfoot Catholics like the Donnellys: an aspect of the feud emphasized by Miller, but rejected by Fazakas. Markowitz is the first to admit that he began with the facts (from Miller and newspapers) then moved relentlessly into the realm of fiction, the creation of larger-than-life characters and a titanic struggle between good and evil. I hoped he would have spared us a crucifixion. But, as Markowitz says, "It's a great legend."

His co-writer Leonard Yakir was more interested in the despoliation of the Peace Society (Vigilante Committee) and the feud's Irish origins. His opinion that the original script had no moral focus due to the search for romantic heroes; and his interest in the intricacy of the guilt on both sides obviously ran counter to Markowitz' occult opera.

However, Yakir, like many, yields to the attractions of the supernatural, the uncanniness of so much energy and power in one family. This is why his ultimate story would contain "the real facts framed by the legend." Yakir envisions a grey-skied, austere, and haunted landscape.

I suspect that a few of the genes of lurid supernatural struggles between good and evil were passed on from Markowitz' script to gestate in Crichton's tie-in novel, and we'll see it delivered onto the screen by Henning Jacobson.

Crichton states flatly that "The Donnelly Murders" is historical fiction, for which he drew inspiration from his own Ulster-Protestant Irish background. Crichton sees himself as a storyteller rather than as an historian. He calls Kelley's original book biased and inaccurate, but in its own way, Crichton's is as wild as Kelley's: facts can be distorted as much in fiction as in history.

All the same, Mr. Crichton presents a calm argument on behalf of his book and script adaptation. He explains, "It's a regional, savage, not-very-coherent episode in Canadian history and, taken at face value, it is just that. From the outsider's point of view, you have here the virtual extermination of a family. And you also have the carry-over of the hatreds in Ireland . . . into Canada. So here's something with which we can do something really good dramatically. But the tendency has been so far," Crichton adds, "to think in terms of a Jesse James approach."

In writing his script, Crichton believes he has taken a leap where others were too cautious. "I have tried to make a dramatic coherent piece out of what is essentially a fragmented Canadian farm story . . . The concepts so far haven't been bold enough. People have been so concerned about the nitty-gritty of history, which frankly has never concerned me," he says. Perhaps this is the ground where angels fear to tread.

English-born David Main of Quadrant Films has waded through a number of bad Donnelly screenplays, and concludes that writers tend to ignore the social background and context of the story. He sees the Irish of Lucan as a transplanted people from a violent way of life, living in a pioneer society open to contain them. In this broader context, Main explains, "A new family (The Donnellys) comes into an area, takes land, resists legal attemps to move them off, and thereby poses a threat to society. Nobody has taken that point up in screenplays."

The best Donnelly film would be one made with an eye to accuracy and the truths within the story. Drama, suspense and tragedy all lie within the hard facts.

Will the filmmakers modify the saga into an easy road to the box office, or will they bring alive a strange story that grew out of a period in our past? If sufficient work and talent are invested, I think an internationally successful feature film can reproduce in spirit, time and place, the reality of the Donnelly struggle. □

on location with the rebels

by Paul Kelman

John A. MacDonald had a dream, Confederation. Louis Riel and the Métis had another dream for this country. The Riel Rebellion lost to confederation but Riel is back. This time his spirit brings together English, French and native in the current 1.5 million dollar epic title *Riel*.

Veteran Québécois actor Raymond Cloutier as Riel

"The spirit of Riel is alive with us today"

– Raymond Cloutier who plays Riel.

Riel has been a CBC dream for two years now and, from all appearances, it's a dream come true. Being on location at Kleinburg studios is like walking into the past.

On the hill ahead, English troops in red, brown and green tunics, on horseback and on foot, escort a wagon with cannon trailing behind. To their right, hidden in the creek below, sit General Dumont and a band of Métis with flintlocks ready to ambush. Shots ring out and horses rear as troops prepare defense. The battle of Fish Creek ensues. It is April 25, 1885.

Later, a few hundred yards away, in an Indian village, Dumont, Riel and Major Crozier of the Nort-West Mounted Police meet to discuss their problems. There are many horses, many guns, many Indians and many troops. The tension of imminent battle hangs over the smoke filled village.

Going back along the mud thickened path towards the studios there is a complete western town with wooden sidewalks, saloon, jailhouse, stable and a broken wagon in the middle of the main street. On the other side of the studios stands a stone fort with houses and cannons.

A feisty Brenda Donahue threatens Riel (Raymond Cloutier).

This is the **Riel** set. The production boasts a cast of over 500 headed by a star-studded line up which includes Raymond Cloutier, Roger Blays, Marcel Sabourin, Claude Jutra, Jean-Louis Roux, Christopher Plummer, Leslie Neilson, Lloyd Bochner, Barry Morse, Ken Welsh, Paxton Whitehead, Don Harron, August Schellenbert, Ken James, Gary Reineke and Brenda Donahue.

The screenplay written by Roy Moore (of **Black Christmas** fame) is a psychological drama and action adventure story. The setting and whole feeling of the production is very realistic.

For Vic Sarin, director of photography, the visual historic value is of paramount importance. He goes for "the look they had in those days, the costumes and the visual feel of the times." On staff with CBC since 1966, thirty-six year old

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Paul Kelman is an actor/director who has worked at the Passe Muraille Theatre in Toronto for the past three years.

Dumont (Roger Blay) as the rebel general.

Sarin draws from his award-winning documentary background to bring the realism to the picture. His biggest problems at present are the weather and the horses. So far the horses have thrown Lloyd Bochner to the ground and kicked Roger Roger Blays in the forehead. "The horses are not trained for Sarin sighs.

He is, however, very impressed with the quality of actors and the prospect of what they can give the camera excites him. "Gary Reineke is an excellent actor and when you work with Morse he knows the lens, the light, the focus. Some actors have film quality. They come alive, like Raymond. "Sarin's energy is light but intense. "I live for film, that's all I do. It's love and pain". Sarin is hard at work in both.

The man who supplies the visual context for Sarin's camera is the art director Bill Beeton. His research for the film took him through archives and to the historic sites of the battles. The result is an elaborate and complex design whose flexibility allows for different parts of sets to be put together in various combinations to create whole other settings. He is happy with the result feeling that between the original "vision and the result, it's pretty close". "It's fun", he says. "I'm very old playing like a kid".

In the planning stages while sketching the key visuals or 'hooks', it was "like drawing a comic book. It's a maple-syrup-western as opposed to spaghettic," he jokes. There are twenty years of CBC experience behind the expertise of the closely planned shots Beeton has provided. "All the shots were boarded and planned ahead of time. The details were very complicated." In the action scenes, that can mean visuals for three cameras at once.

Thomas Scott (Gary Reineke) being dragged to his execution by the Métis.

In the Battle of Batoche, the action includes ground explosions, gun fire, men being shot both on foot and off horses and cannon fire. The special effects are the responsibility of Doug Wardle, a one time Eaton's display man and now twenty-year CBC veteran. "We started preplanning in January, finding guns and equipment. We got 250 guns dating around 1885 and 15 Winchestors. The rest are twelve-gauge-shotguns converted to look like flintlocks. We couldn't get a gattling gun in Canada so we had to go to the U.S." Three cannons were built by CBC for **Riel** and adapted to black powder chamber. Even the blood and blanks are specially made for the film. The animals are also part of the effects, from the twenty-five horses right down to the mouse. There is a scene where a mouse skips across a rifle in the line of fire disrupting the aim. "The mouse died before the shot, but we had a stand in for him." Much of Wardle's job is the handcrafted detail of putting bullet heads in the side boards of wagons that will detonate electrically with rotary switches or making the personal battery packs that set off pressured blood pouches hidden on the actor who is being shot at. "It's a very exciting job. I always say one thing, I've never been bored."

At the time of this writing the filming is half done with another month to go. The spirit on the set is still surprisingly high and there is an air of excitement and importance about what everybody is doing.

Roger Blays (Dumont) explains "the other night the Indians were at dinner singing songs and I started singing with them and they accepted it. It was good. I have to feel all this because Dumont was this man." He elaborates on the necessity "to form a family", how "everything is important, the weather, even the smell".

Born in Quebec, with 20 years in the theatre, he did not speak English until age 24. A Québécois, he feels "everything is politic". The shooting day over, a bearded Gabriel Dumont in buckskin and leggings hikes across the windy fields talking of contemporary politics. When he arrives at the studio he is taken back with the sight of a silver limosine equipped with color television ready to take him the 45 minute ride home. Dumont crouches warily and stalks the car fingering the chrome and peering inside the windows, a child of the past experiencing the 20th century. "This is for me?" he says. Everything is politic.

Like Blays, George Bloomfield, the director of **Riel**, is totally immersed in the film. Even his shooting schedule is rolled up in a piece of buckskin tied by leather thongs. He is no stranger to the material, having spent six weeks living with the Métis in Kenora. "I've done as much research, read as much as I could get my hands on". He agrees there is an "opening up" feeling on the set. Although his job demands foresight and overview, he is a very present tense person. "Right now this is the most important thing I've ever done."

The Métis, led by Dumont, come to threaten the Schultz homestead

For Bloomfield this production is more than a film. "At this particular time in the history of this country, any Canadian who has star value has been responsive to this project. It's part of the spirit, bringing them back for an event." He speaks highly of the talent in this country feeling it is as good as anybody has anywhere. "You can't find anyone better than Brenda Donahue in the States no matter where you look." Bloomfield should know. He has directed Alan Alda, Dyan Cannon, Ann Jackson and Eli Wallach in other films.

Although Bloomfield is very critical of how the CBC negates the development of a star system and how the production has been given only "peanuts" in comparison with major works in other countries, he is effervescently optimistic about the film as a step in the right direction. "CBC is going more and more Hollywood. There's no question. It's about goddamn time we got into Showbiz."

Much of the impetus in this direction is due to producer John Trent. Says Bloomfield, "My first impression of John is him sitting at this enormous map with tin soldiers on it, choreographing the battles. His energy is absolutely inspiring. I was most impressed with his enthusiasm and the preparation. He's so supportive; he understands because he's a director himself."

"I know what a director needs," echoes Trent. Trent's company Green River Pictures is, along with CBC, the co-producer of **Riel**. "It's world distribution we're after," he offers. The way he sees it, "the world has picked up on American history and Canada has been no different. This may set the record straight. **Riel** is expressing the Canadian view of our own history. Our role is to leave a view of how we saw a time and a place. It's a reflection. I have a great love for Canada. The story of Riel is important to express so people have a grasp of what happened. We always get accused of being boringly Canadian or trying to copy the Americans. These are the two barbs of the spear that are always stabbing us. Why shouldn't the world be interested in our view?"

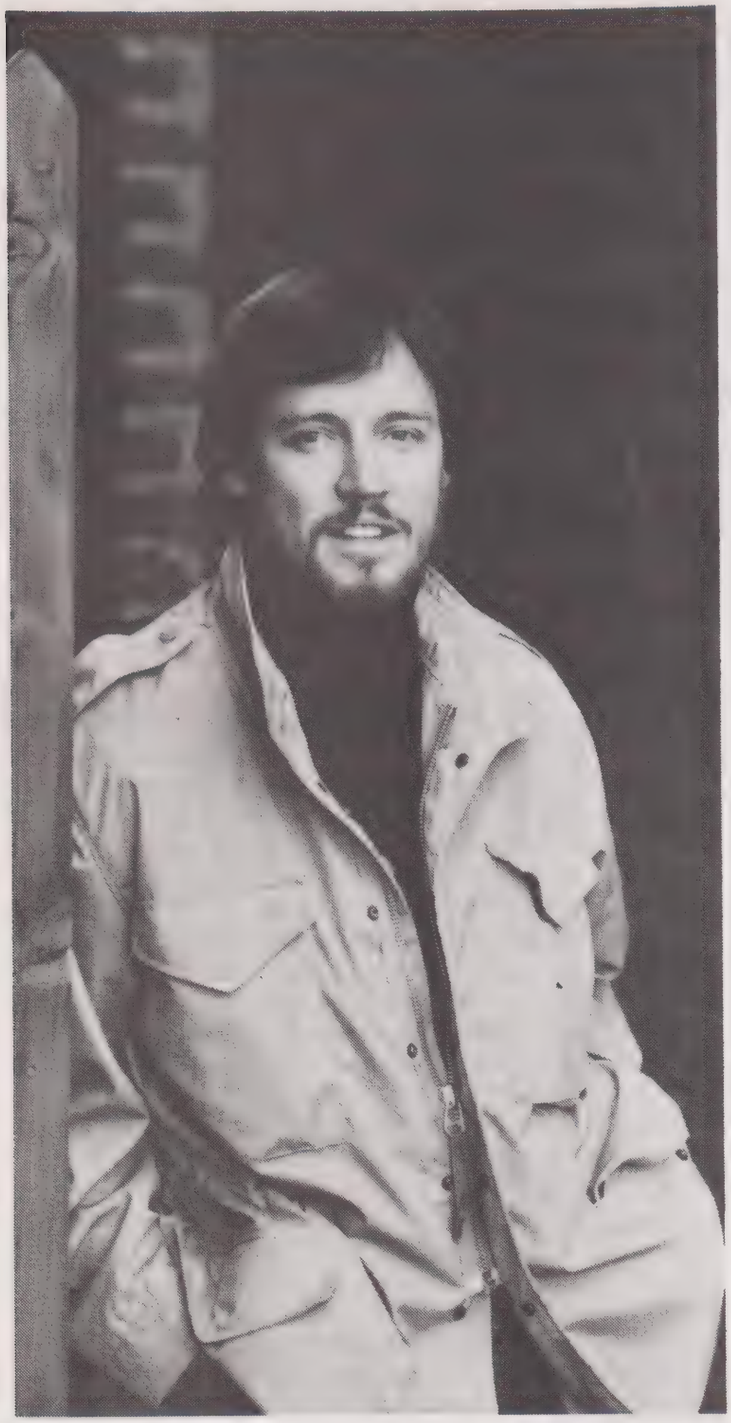
The production of **Riel** is a mix of four major cultures, the English, the French, the Métis and the Americans. Trent has produced, directed and written for American companies like ABC, NBC and MGM. How does it compare with this country? "In the U.S. it's usually been done before; when you do it here, it's the first time. What we're doing is making a very entertaining three hours of television with residual value in as much as it reflects our history".

This is a CBC first. Its the biggest single production the Corporation has undertaken. It's courageous of it to take the risk. In this production there's a focus, a sense of purpose, a sense of achievement. This is the art of the possible," he concludes.

Trent has striven not only for an entertaining view of history but a balanced one. He explains, "The lack of knowledge is that we look at the rebellion as if Riel was a crazy lunatic, whereas he has a point. Look at his summation speech; he's very eloquent. The man had a vision." So did the CBC. So far, it's looking good. □

moore is better

by Paul Kelman



A triumphant Brian Moore.

Producing a workable 'Riel' script for the CBC was a major coup, and for Brian Moore, it was a major step ahead. Moore is not alone in his belief that once Canadian writers are paid a proper fee, they will produce scripts which compete in the world market.

Riel is the single most expensive and ambitious film ever to be produced by the CBC. The man who wrote it is Roy Moore: "When you're hot on an idea, you're living it. I lived inside Riel for a year".

The Riel project was a couple of years old before the CBC approached Moore. "They'd had a couple of writers, producers, researchers and hadn't been able to come up with a film of the Riel story. They saw a historical script I'd written about the Indian Marathon runner Tom Longboat and they came to me with the project."

He was asked to write a dramatic piece based on the Riel Rebellion. It is not a parochial view. "I've written for as broad a market as possible. Although it's there, I haven't written from a nationalistic point of view: after all it was a very important even in this country." As the writing progressed, Moore started to realize the immensity of the story. "They were looking for an epic. They got it." Moore explains he has written a psychological western. "To me, Riel was an infinitely complex and fascinating character. He was an educated man who had moved in political circles in Quebec. He dealt with a code and a system of laws. He knew and understood the East. What Dumont (Riel's general) did was supply Riel with the knowledge of the hunt. MacDonald had a dream, Riel had a dream. Nobody was the villain. It's very layered."

To keep the story straight, Moore's story editor was the film's executive producer Stan Colbert. Moore had known Colbert previously, when Colbert first came to Canada from the U.S. to work with screenwriters before he became Executive Producer of film drama at CBC. "I'd forced myself on Colbert three years ago. I was finding it difficult to get past a certain point here and I wanted to work with somebody who could really teach me a lot." Moore was offered Colbert's beach house at 461 Ocean Blvd. in Florida and he worked with Colbert for three months, writing for 20th Century Fox on a 90-minute drama for ABC. The show received two Emmy nominations. Prior to this Moore had written his first screenplay **Black Christmas** which became an important Canadian box-office grosser. "It was my first writing. It was written as an exploitation piece, for its commercial value, which is the best way to break into the business from my point of view."

Don Harron (right) as Donald Smith, receiving direction from George Bloomfield.

Other screenwriters in the country were having commercial success as well. David Cronenberg wrote and directed his horror thriller **Rabid** which hit the charts of *Variety*. Another colleague of Moore's is John Saxton who also writes for the *Great Detective* series. "John's written some of the **Ilsa** pictures; actually he's done the Ilsa picture, **Ilsa the She Wolf**".

To be a successful screenwriter, Moore feels, is to hit a large market. It's the nature of the medium. "I do think, however, there are ways to do it without sacrificing your own feelings about what you want to say. At this point I have that freedom. It's frightening."

Moore, who's been writing for six years now, is reported to have received a $100,000 fee for writing **Riel**. "I wanted to put the figure out. Writers should know what their material is worth." When asked whether he was the highest paid screenwriter in Canada he replied, "I don't know. I don't know how much anybody else gets." He keeps himself isolated, explaining it's "unusual to meet with other writers to find an interchange of ideas and information." Success to Moore is personal. "I don't think I'm successful; it's an internal thing. I've always lived comfortably so that is not the issue. I have to satisfy myself then I can feel successful."

Is there a pull to Hollywood? "I know after **Black Christmas** I could have gone down to Hollywood. I had several people talk to me about it. But it wouldn't have been on terms that I'd feel good about. At this point I can't see going. There are things I still want to do here."

Moore is very optimistic about the climate of the industry in the country both from the work that's being done around him and his experience with CBC and **Riel**.

"The industry has gotten a lot better in the last while with films like **Outrageous, Who Has Seen the Wind, Why Shoot the Teacher**. We're really coming to have an industry that seems to be working." When writing **Riel**, he expected the CBC to pull back on the magnitude of the project. "I was continually reassured that the scale in which I was seeing the picture was fine. I was impressed with their ability to go as far as they've gone. It's an enormous cast by any standards. They don't want to scrimp on this one. There's too much invested".

He is also pleased the actual production. "I think George Bloomfield is a very good director, very imaginitive and John Trent is an excellent producer. I've been out on the **Riel** set a couple of times. It looks great. I was out there for the repulsion of McDougal, where there are a lot of Métis and they're turning back the man who's to be Governor. It looked very impressive. From what I've seen I think they have every chance of getting what they want. I think Bill Beeton (art director) is a genius. He's created a system for shooting this picture that's brilliant."

He's not always been satisfied however with the interpretation of his scripts: for example, **Black Christmas**. "In my version of the script you understood who the killer was, where he was coming from, why he was doing what he was doing. It made sense even though you never saw him. Bob Clark, the director, went for very obvious motives in the script, ending up by making the phone calls dirty. I was surprised. It had lost a whole sense of the story, the story behind the names of Billy and Agnes who the killer refers to in the phone calls. In the movie you didn't know who these people were. It made me angry."

Ultimately, what Moore finds frustrating about screenwriting is that he doesn't get to follow through into production. "Screenwriting is a very creative act but it only goes to a certain extent and then somebody else takes over. Then it's their creation: the producer, the director, the editor, the actors. Essentially what you're supplying is a blue print."

Moore is skeptical of the prevailing Hollywood view of the scenarist as the medium of the producer's message. He feels high salaries are offered screen artists partly in return for suppressing their creativity. "It's not the writer's picture. It's the producer's picture. I think I'm passing through screenwriting; what I want to do is to produce. I think producing is a very creative way to live. I see myself primarily as an entrepreneur. I think some of my writing is entrepreneurial."

Moore writes very visually, partly due to his background. His grandfather, who was a fine architect, built some "important buildings" and tuned Moore into visual aesthetics at an early age. "I can see the scenes I write. Ultimately I want to be able to feel the scenes not just visualize them. I cry sometimes if a scene is sad. When writing **Black Christmas** there were moments when a floorboard creaked and I was terrified."

Moore feels he's learned mostly by going to movies. "I don't know lenses, but I know what can be done. A writer has to know what his options are, his story telling tools."

When at work, writing is an obsession for Moore. "Sometimes I have six different characters rolling around in my head. It's an energizing process but it's also ultimately draining. Sometimes I write for an actor whose talent I can visualize. You can write for James Dean, if you want. I'll do anything to get it out of me. It's hard for me to write, very hard. I don't know if I can conceive of something that would be harder for me to do."

One of the reasons he started writing was the demand, the premise being there are lots of stars but not very many screenwriters. "People go to see stories, not so much a star. **Rocky** would have been a hit no matter who played it. DeNiro couldn't save Bertolucci's **1900** and De Niro is America's hottest actor. Audience market are part of the design of the parameter. The true test of a film, particularly a Canadian movie, is whether it does well here."

Although it has been months since he finished **Riel**, "and probably another nine months before I see it", he sees the project as an important part of CBC's history and is feeling good about his involvement. He also feels a responsibility to his country. "We have to create heros here that will become part of the Canadian consciousness. It's in a very bad state. We need to excite people with where we come from and who we are. In that sense I'm a nationalist."

He sums up the **Riel** production explaining "What we have here is an incredible talent pool made up of people who have been making film for decades. **Riel** is acting as a focus for these people because its so big and there's so much happening. It's a synergistic thing. They're out there making a movie. It's exciting. My job is done". □

The Canadian troops at the Battle of Duke Lake.

wrestling his way to the top

by Günter Ott

Some people just can't win. While reports had it that Paul Lynch was out to make a grade-B film that would run well in the drive-ins, he turned in a minor masterpiece with *Blood and Guts*. Günter Ott spoke with Lynch and Mark Irwin takes us on location.

photos by Rick Porter

"And in this corner,"... as Dandy Dan meets his young challenger

It's a small town crowd – maybe fifty people in the house and the promoter has already worked out his percentage of the take. He chews his lip nervously and worries because the bouts have been slow tonight. This crowd has seen too many midgets; they're even bored with the black man who the promoter calls the Banker ("everyone hates bankers"). Now it's time for the main attraction and the audience still hasn't got off their seats screaming for blood. Tonight, although the promoter doesn't suspect it, they'll get what they came for.

The main bout features Dandy Dan O'Neill, the fighting Irish gentleman in a grudge match against Jungle Boy who has stolen away Dandy Dan's mate. That's how the promoters wrote the story. But this time it's for real. In the ring, Dandy Dan struts about shaking his curly golden locks and posturing haughtily. But when the bell sounds, his eyes grow cold, he flings away the wig along with the posturing: Dandy Dan is out for blood.

That sets the stage for a key scene in **Blood and Guts**, a film about basic needs, basic struggles, basic sorrows: the hard times that come from living on the road. The film is an intimate character study of wrestlers in the small town circuit who never connect with the main chance, who never get booked into the big cities. It's also a story about personal dignity, and the underdog who thumbs his nose at the corrupt and the powerful.

Paul Lynch, the 32-year-old director of **Blood and Guts** doesn't, however, treat these small town wrestlers as losers in the time honored tradition of Canadian films. Instead he respects the cultural milieu out of which the wrestlers work and tries to convey their hard times without implying they are destroyed by it.

Lynch understands the kind of people he is projecting on the screen. He knows the small towns of Ontario intimately, having started his career in Canada as a newspaper photographer in places like Oakville, Georgetown and Brantford, Ontario. Though Lynch eventually left the small towns for the more lucrative call of Toronto and Hollywood, he has never forgotten the ordinary people that live in those Southern Ontario communities.

In a sense, **Blood and Guts** is linked thematically and atmospherically with Lynch's first feature film, **The Hard Part Begins**. In that film, an ageing country and western singer, who is tired of the smoky small town bars where he plays, is forced to contend with an up-and-coming singer who threatens to steal the limelight from him. In **Blood and Guts**, Dandy Dan (played by an American actor William Smith) is a wrestler past his prime who watches as the new kid (Brian Patrick Clarke) is transformed into the star attraction.

Paul Lynch emigrated from England in 1960 and, after his stint with small town papers, came to Toronto to find fame and fortune as a cartoonist for the *Toronto Star* and as art director for two ad agencies and three publications. In addition to a burgeoning career as a graphic designer, he also worked as a photographer for *Macleans Magazine*.

His first television film grew out of one of his photo stories. "While at *Toronto Life*," he explains, "the staff photographer David Street and I decided we wanted to make a film out of a photo story I had done on teenage marriages. The CBC agreed to buy the story if they liked it so David and I got some money together, found two likely kids and shot what we thought would be the 'ultimate documentary' over a period of three months working mostly evenings and weekends. We accumulated a lot of footage and luckily I met a former film editor for CTV named Bill Gray who offered to edit down the original 1 1/2 hours to 16 minutes. We eventually sold the film to *Thirty Minutes*, a CBC show, and that's how I started making films."

"At that time (1968), it was a terrific time to make films in Canada," Lynch remembers. "There were all sorts of shows that purchased materials. I quit my job at *Toronto Life*, went freelance as a graphic designer and made films. Up until I made **The Hard Part Begins** in 1973, I guess I filmed about 22 television films for the Corporation, just freelancing for *Telescope, Gallery, Man Alive* and *To See Ourselves*."

In those heady days when there was great enthusiasm for developing real Canadian movies, Lynch and Bill Gray, who writes as well as edits film, started talking about a feature film. Lynch had always been fascinated by B-movies and wanted to work on a motorcycle film. "We put a script together and sold it with one condition imposed on us that the guy who bought it would direct.

"I agreed, figuring it was simpler to do one, sell it outright, make a little money and do another one. Then I got interested in country music and met John Hunter who had been a freelance writer for the CBC. He offered me an idea of his about an ageing country singer. That was in April of 1972. John wrote the story during the summer. The CFDC's low budget program liked it so we arranged some independent money through a friend and started on the production of **The Hard Part Begins** in 1973. John wrote the script, I directed and Bill Gray edited," explains Lynch.

The film was released in 1974 by Cinepix and received surprisingly good notices for a low budget ($95,000) first feature. In a review in the trade paper *That's Showbusiness*, I wrote at the time: "The film possesses a rough-hewn honesty (which) explores the workings of human nature in a direct way that cuts through the usual slickness and corn of films about country music."

The film was later sold to the CBC for what was at the time, the highest price ever paid for television rights to a Canadian movie, (reportedly $38,000). It was also sold to the Ontario Educational TV network, the BBC and a number of international markets.

Unfortunately, Lynch's career at the CBC had come to an end with the clean sweep inaugurated by John Hirsch. "When Hirsch came in with all the theatre people, film went out. All the shows I had worked on were brought to a close, so I decided to go back to the drawing board," Lynch recalls.

While freelancing, and editing **The Hard Part Beings**, Lynch added to his reputation by making a film on *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione. *Penthouse* liked the work so much that they asked Lynch and producer Hugh Curry to transform the short into a feature-length industrial film about the flamboyant publisher. "I went around the world for two years shooting footage for *Penthouse*," he says. "Since there were a lot of tricky opticals involved in the filming, we ended up in Los Angeles where we had four months to edit and finish the film. While there, I began directing shows for American network television series. There too, I met Joe McBride, a *Variety* reporter who proposed an idea for a story about small town wrestlers." McBride worked out a first draft of

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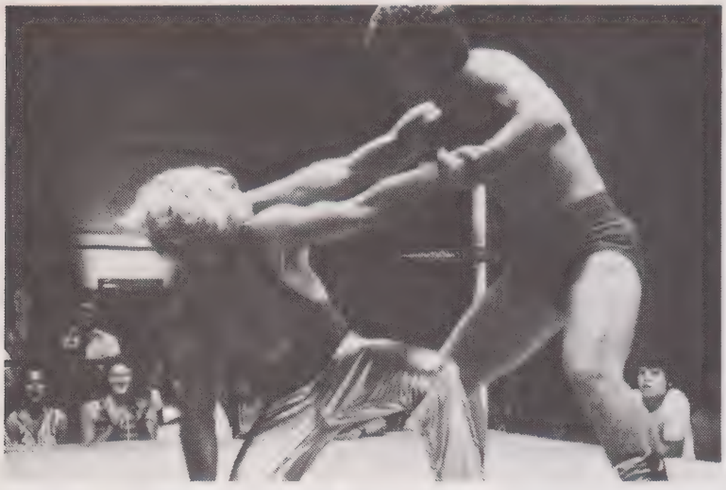
Günter Ott is the editor of Photo Life Magazine, Canada's photography monthly.

Fighting their way through the proverbial love triangle...



Dandy Dan and the Jungle Boy have it out

And the lady gets the winner

Blood and Guts which Lynch, John Hunter and Bill Gray rewrote with a Canadian slant.

"I am fascinated with wrestling in the same way I am with country music," Lynch admits. "I like the idea of the kind of entertainment that the very ordinary people watch." Lynch says that **Blood and Guts** was originally conceived as a $1.5 million picture; but that proved too big and expensive an undertaking so Gray and Hunter scaled it down to more manageable proportions "in the area of $750,000". "By that time we had interested producer Peter O'Brian (**Love at First Sight**) who talked Quadrant films into putting up the private investment money. We also had a financing guarantee from an American distributor plus a distribution arrangement which pleased the Canadian Film Development Corporation though this deal later fell through."

Quadrant let the director and producer have considerable freedom in handling the project. That allowed Lynch to get the actors he wanted such as William Smith who normally plays B-movie heavies, Micheline Lanctôt and a former football player for the Memphis Southmen, Brian Clarke. It also allowed the production company to shoot in Lynch's favorite locations, the small southern Ontario towns like Brantford, Paris and Ayr where **The Hard Part Begins** was also shot.

What draws Paul Lynch to these locations? "Obviously it's the co-operation of the people for one thing," he says. "I feel that I can establish a rapport with these people. Then too, the places look like anywhere. There's no definite connection with Canada or the U.S. They are just nice, interesting small towns. Hamilton, for example, is a great looking industrial city that could really be located anywhere in North America. Although **Blood and Guts** is definitely a Canadian movie, it looks like what I think movies should look like: North American movies. Canadian filmmakers tend to forget that in order to keep making movies in Canada, we have to get American distribution."

For Lynch, wrestling is an ideal North American cultural phenomenon. It's the entertainment of the blue collar worker everywhere. "I've watched wrestling in Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto, down here in Los Angeles and in Montreal. The people really get off on it. It offers them an escape and a means of venting the frustrations they get from working in factories. It's wonderful to watch what a terrific time the people who go to wrestling matches have.

"In the film we decided not to emphasize the crowd, choosing instead to focus very specifically on Dandy Dan and Jim; their life and how they try to survive. The crowds are always there but I didn't want to capitalize on them. I didn't want to put them down like Altman did in **Nashville**, I just wanted the crowds to be there and record their reaction."

When comparisons are made, Lynch affirms that **Blood and Guts** would definitely have been made even without the success of the trendsetting jock film **Rocky**. "I don't think **Blood and Guts** is as cornball as **Rocky**. We tried to stay away from that despite the ending" (which does have similarities to the end of **Rocky**). "But the 'Big Fight' is really the only logical way to end a wrestling or, for that matter, a boxing film. And in all good B-movies, the battered hero always walks off into the shadows with the girl who has come back."

For now, Lynch is moving ahead with plans for another action film featuring country music. He hopes to be filmming shortly in Hamilton and the other small southern Ontario towns whse inhabitants he depicts so well.

It would seem then that Paul Lynch is developing a solid career as one of our fine young craftsmanlike filmmakers. Surprisingly, however, Lynch betrays a slight hesitation as he explains that graphic design is truly his first love.

Laughingly, he admits that this profession is a lot easier than making movies. "Filmmaking is tough in the best of circumstances; whereas with graphic design, I have several faithful clients I can count on in the lean times." But, after **Blood and Guts** and the reputation earned with his tough, finely wrought first feature, Paul Lynch need not worry. He's a filmmaker with a sense of style and a guiding vision that responds to a particularly intriguing cultural milieu. □

Filmography: Paul Lynch

Shorts

Teenage Marriage (1968). Prod: Glen Sarty, CBC "Take Thirty". 45 min. b&w.

Be Not Too Hard (1969). Prod: Leo Rampen, CBC "Man Alive". 30 min. b&w.

Charlie (1969). Prod: Don Elder, CBC. 30 min. co.

What's You Gonna Be, Boy, What's You Gonna Do? (1970). Prod: David Peddie, CBC "To See Ourselves". 30 min. col.

A Handy Guy Like Sandy (1970). Prod: Sam Levine, CBC "Telescope" 30 min. col.

Choice (1970). Prod: Don Elder, CBC, Schools and Youth Department, 30 min. col.

Big Bus Going to Nashville (1971). Prod: Sam Levine, CBC "Telescope" 30 min. col.

The Late Man (1972) Prod: Paddy Sampson, CBC "Program X". 30 min. col.

The Stock Car Boys (1973). Prod: Sam Levine, CBC "Gallery". 30 min. col.

The Painted Door (1973). Prod: David Peddie, CBC "To See Ourselves". 30 min. col.

Guccione (1974). Prod: Hugh F. Curry, Hupa Productions. 30 min. col.

Petrocelli (1975). Prod: Lenard Katzman, Paramount Television/NBC. 60 min. col.

Sidestreet (1976). Prod: Brian Walker, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. 60 min. col.

Beachcombers (1977). Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. 30 min. col.

Features

The Hard Part Begins (1973). Prod: John Clifford Hunter, Derrett G. Lee, Odyssey Films Ltd. 91 min. col. Dist: Cinepix

Blood and Guts (1977). Prod: Peter O'Brien, Independent Pictures. 94 min. col.

getting in the action

by Mark Irwin

Basically, **Blood and Guts** is about a wrestling troupe: one gigantic black wrestler, two midgets, an aging fighter whose image has shifted from "Pretty Boy" to "Heel" in order to hold some box office appeal, his "long-suffering, all-trusting" lady and their "hard-bitten, worldly-wise" manager. An assortment of clichés perhaps, but when a new young beginner joins their ranks, a chain of events starts to grow and snowball in and around six heavy fight scenes and finally ends in triumph.

The film takes place in cheap hotels, bars, locker rooms, arenas, on the road – all with the look and feel of small town, scraping bottom, circuit wrestling sleaze. However, with a great range of dramatic events scripted, the elements that concerned me the most were the fight scenes. They were the physical and emotional high points of the film and they had to work.

We began with a definite plus. The two leading men (William Smith and Brian Clarke) were both eager to do their own stunts. Duane McLean and "Rotten Reggie" Love were structuring each fight so that the moves had athletic credibility yet allowed the struggle to turn, for example, against the here, then he could slip out of it, then be subdued, then reverse it and so on. Without using doubles, we knew we could get as close to the action as we needed.

And it was the first fight scene that demonstrated to me just how close was too close. We were in the Shamrock Boys Club in Hamilton, home of Bull Johnson (the "big daddy" of wrestling coaches) and his two sons, Randy and Dan. Brian was quite literally about to learn the ropes from "The Invisible Man" (Vincent Bright) in his first taste of professional pugilism. While the director Paul Lynch and I watched their run through, we mentally compared the scene with a boxing match – two men standing and punching each other until one falls down. Very simple, straightforward coverage, except that our sport was wrestling – two men throwing each other in the air, bouncing off ropes, kicking, jumping, body slamming, elbow smashing, eye gouging, face stomping. In other words, organized mayhem.

Mark Irwin, Toronto cameraman, has been DOP of many feature films including "Starship Invasions" and "Blood and Guts".

So the question was: How do we cover this? Do we play it safe and square like T.V.? Do we handhold inside the ring? Do we shoot telephoto and stay back more? In the end we decided on a healthy combination of all three. We played wide shots, tracking behind cheering fans while they threw popcorn bags and verbal abuse. We shot high angles corner to corner to gain more depth and perspective. We covered telephoto with my first assistant Robin Miller playing the focus strictly by eye, while I madly followed the lunging, diving bodies all over the ring. And finally, after three rounds of matching coverage, I got my chance to climb into the ring and "participate".

What we didn't have at this point was a Steadicam, budgets being what they are, but I didn't care. A Steadicam is like holding a TV camera at arm's length while wearing a fibreglass jacket. It takes up a fair bit of room and in the rather crowded confines of an 18'x18' ring, I wanted to be as inconspicuous possible. Instead, I used a Flexi-mount which is very snug, very light and, to be honest, very cheap. Originally designed for helicopter use, it suspends the camera on counterbalancing springs and lets everything more or less float.

So there I was, more or less floating around the canvas while Vince and Brian went at it like beasts unchained. By now I was ready for all their moves and could judge when to step aside and when to stay in close. My fellow participants, however, going round four under the lights, began to fall back and forth into the realm of human error and, more than once, my camera and cranium were jolted down to my retinaes. But, we got it all in the end.

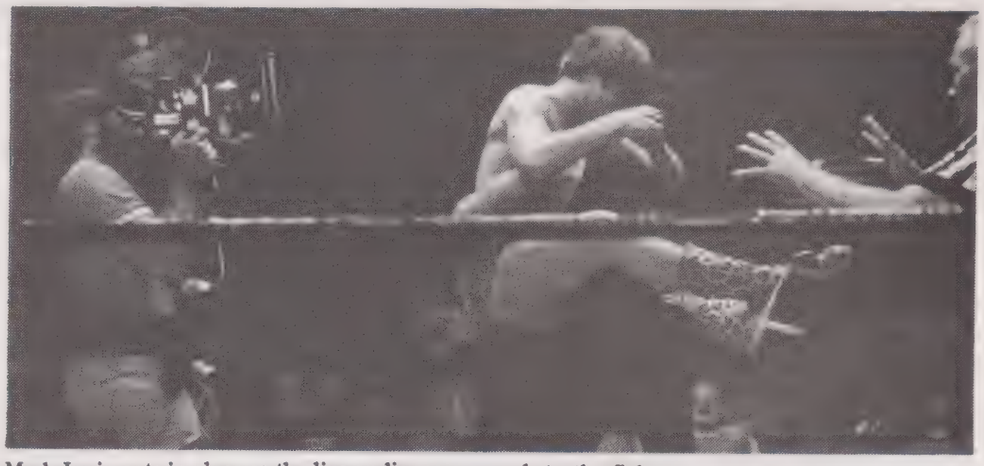
The Shamrock Boys Club was only the beginning. We staged five more fights in hockey arenas in Brantford, Paris and the tiny town of Ayr. Unlike the Boys Club, however, these were all enormous with seventy-foot ceilings and more room than our two hundred extras could hope to fill. Lighting the ring was no problem – gaffer Jock Brandis constructed a grid from his famous light beams and hung four aluminum 2K softlights from it. Then he hoisted it above the canvas with pulleys. But with the extras positioned around the ring, we barely covered the center of the arena. Even with our pool of light, it felt very lonely, very empty...

So we brought out the smoke machine and let it run wild. The difference was amazing. The pool of light became a steamy cone of atmosphere, the darker audience was filled with a misty grey presence and the shadows took on a milky black ambience that felt... full. With appropriate sound effects and cutaways, the fight scenes now had enough presence to do a Muhammad Ali rematch justice.

As for the audio side of things, sound mixer Bryan Day had at least five mikes coming into his stereo Nagra, the most death defying task was in the hands of boom man Tom Mather who was crouched underneath the canvas, following the thuds and crunches. With only three inches headroom, he assured us that wrestling was just as exciting from below as above.

For the big climax scene we used two cameras to save time and bloodshed. All the matches were very real, very vicious fights; no bite-him-in-the-kneecap antics. We staged the bouts every weekend to draw the most extras and to allow the actors to recover from the torn ligaments and bruises of the week before.

Also, the "no doubles" approach was contagious; both Micheline Lanctot and Henry Beckman volunteered their bodies for a grisly fistfight in the pouring rain. In fact, Micheline was thrown onto the gravel and punched into submission four takes in a row. Looking back, the film is not as ultraviolent as it sounds, but I can still think of no better title than – **Blood and Guts.**



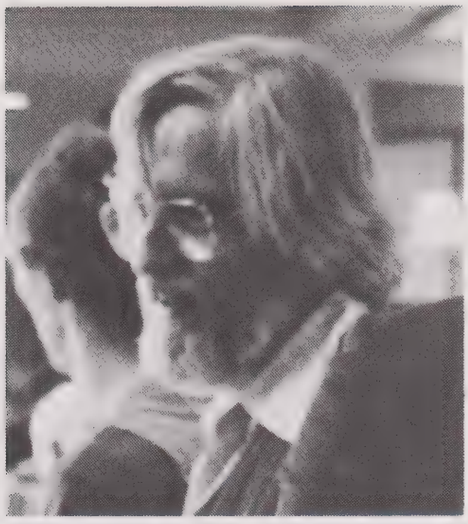
Mark Irwin gets in close as the live audience responds to the fight

daryl duke

a prince of a man

by Anne Cameron

Daryl Duke's latest film, *The Silent Partner*, should be released in the fall. Cinema Canada asked Cam Hubert to write a profile on the man who had given her important lessons on how to work in film. What we received was a tribute to Duke from a warm and western point of view.



Daryl Duke

I first met Daryl Duke some five years ago when he was casting for **I Heard The Owl Call My Name**, and came to Nanaimo to audition the members of my theatre group, "Tillicum Theatre". I had been aware of his work for a number of years and, in fact, it was his program for the old 'Manipulators' series, a one-hour drama called "Spike In The Wall", that lay to rest forever any doubts I had about the possibility of television as a viable art form.

When I was asked to consider writing an article on the man I immediately sat down and began to list his film and television credits; then it occurred to me that anybody reading this magazine would probably be familiar enough with film not to need the list, and anybody who did need the list or was unaware of the man's contribution, probably wouldn't be caught dead with a film magazine. So, if anybody expects the usual 'curriculum vitae', disabuse yourself immediately.

Daryl Duke is West Coast and it shows in the way he walks, the way he talks and the way he relates to people. There is something special and honest about West Coasters, and if you don't believe me, ask anybody from the West Coast. Daryl has worked on fishboats and still walks as though picking his way carefully across a wet deck; he never seems to lift one foot without being sure the other is firmly planted, but he gets there before the rest of the crowd. He has worked in a fish cannery, and perhaps it is the memory of guts and stink and the eternal buzzing of flies that keeps him open to

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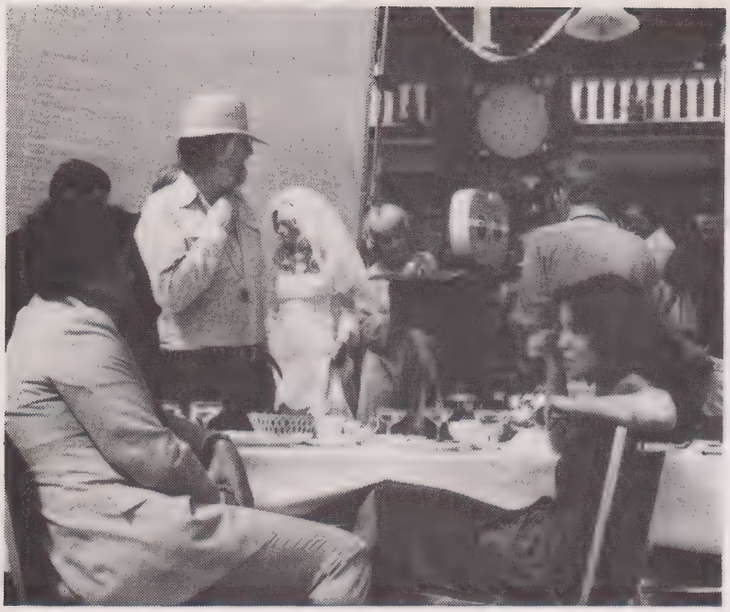
*Anne Cameron was once known as Cam Hubert and is the author of many peoms and plays and of the screenplays for the films "***The Dreamspeaker***" and "***A Matter of Choice.***"*



Duke surveys the set of The Silent Partner.

and in touch with ordinary people. Certainly his home is a virtual meeting place for people from every walk of life; I have seen writers, actors, musicians and 'television people' there, and I have seen people of the Nootka band at Ahousat made equally welcome. I have seen Daryl dressed to the nines dealing with boardroom experts, and I have seen him in jeans and hiking boots pouring beer on the head of his production assistant at a wrap party. I have heard him talking softly and firmly about business matters and heard him roaring out the words to a West Coast song that might, in some square circles, be considered less than socially acceptable.

I had been writing poetry and stage plays and dreaming of doing "something" based on the great Nootka chief Maquinna. Because I was heavily into stage at the time, I had been working on a stage play; I knew I wanted the interior of a Nootka longhouse for the set, the support posts with the carved faces could issue forth disembodied voices of the dead, the dancers could fall from the rafters on ropes the way they often do in the winter ceremonies, and the Spanish, English and American invaders could..... it went from a rough two-act play to a three-act to a four-act and I realized that what was happening was that I was turning out a sort of King Lear set on the West Coast. And in the process I was losing Chief Maquinna, the man who flew in the face of tradition and in an effort to save his people, nearly lost his culture and his heritage. I felt terrible. Did a lot of moaning about how Maquinna was a product of his time, his place, and there was no way I could move the West Coast of Vancouver Island to the stage at the Playhouse Theatre in Vancouver. The trees alone wouldn't fit, and what did I do to show it was high tide?

Daryl said very quietly that what I was talking about was a film. "Oh, but I've never written a film script," I replied, with my usual shy, ladylike modesty. (Actually, what I said was more like "Christ, I don't know how to do that!"). He pointed out, as any good Coast person would, that I wouldn't learn any younger. And I gave it a try. I'm not sure how good that first script was, but it was thick! And I felt I had captured Maquinna and the period of total transition that was his life.

Daryl read the script and took out an option on it and then began a two-year task, teaching me how to write a film script. Whenever either of us had the time I would head over to his place to spend a couple of days with Daryle and Eve and he would read over what I'd written and then give me feedback. He taught me that at all times the audience must *care* what happens to the characters. He taught me to use visual images rather than relying on endless dialogue. He taught me to dig deeply into myself when searching for a character. And he taught me it is just as easy to swim in deep water as it is to swim in shallow water, and to, at all times, "press on".

Sitting on the sea wall in front of his West Vancouver home we would watch the sailboats, speedboats and assorted water fowl, and we would discuss film, people, motivation and music. Or sandwiches. Or the relative merits of potato salad with and without horseradish. To me, the birds floating on the waves are either "gulls", "cormorants" or "ducks". Having been born and raised on Vancouver Island any bird that can swim has to be one of the three. Unless it's a puffin. When I said "duck", Daryl would tell me what kind. He can probably identify every bird there is, and when I commented that not everybody could do that, he said not everybody had a member of his family who was a world famous expert on the subject. It strikes me now that Daryl could well have been the second member of his family to share that distinction! To me, they remain "ducks", but it's nice to know Somebody knows what kind of duck they are.

Whatever else he may be, he is definitely not a quote male chauvenist pig end quote (gag, barf, choke). I have never heard him make the slightest sexist remark, and never seen him in any way threatened by or turned off by a woman's independence. He seems to have the rare and wonderful ability to see People. As a feminist who is increasingly puzzled as to just where in hell the feminist movement is going, it is a relief to be able to relate to someone else who sees People instead of an ongoing battle between the sexes that we are all in danger of losing. Daryl makes film and Eve makes music and somehow I have always felt that to both of them each priority is equally important. I know I have found it equally wonderful to be able to talk with him and then lean back and listen to Eve's music; she sings and I cry, it's a sort of duet we have going, and I'm sure if ever I started to sing, she'd cry, but for different reasons!

Daryl's sense of humor is Vancouver Island sense of humor. West Coast humor is hard enough for the humorless oxford-shod slackasses from the dryland, flatland, east-land parking lots to understand, but Vancouver Island humor is even further out to sea and Daryl, though neither born nor raised on this rock, laughs the way we do; from the gut, often. Ask him if it is raining and he'll probably reply "I don't know, call the dog in and see if he's wet". It makes no sense to mainlanders, but those of us who have spent as much as five months under a pelting rain so severe the dog won't even go outside, crack up at the mental image.

It was from Daryl Duke that I learned the full meaning of the word "professionalism", and the phrase "paying your dues". I have never seen him ask anybody else to do a job he himself would not be willing to do. I have seen him impatient, but never inconsiderate, I have seen him angry, but never unreasonable, I have seen him laugh, but always with, never *at* anybody.

I have an Etrog sitting atop a Tsimshian bent cedar box, and I know that without the help, encouragement, and support of Daryl and Eve, I would never be doing what I am doing today, I would never have dared go out into the deep water.

"You made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied!" □

the best film policy this country never had

by Sandra Gathercole

Privately, members of the industry recognize John Roberts' Film Policy as a non-policy. It did not meet the expectations nor justify the fears which had been voiced in so many sectors. Sandra Gathercole's analysis puts the Policy in an historical perspective.

There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, of a 1965 Canada-U.S. partnership agreement negotiated by America's Livingston Merchant and Canada's Arnold Heeney. Halfway through the numerous clauses (Heeney having conceded every one of them to the U.S.) Livingston Merchant leaned across the table and said, "You take this one for Canada, Arnold. It will look good when you get home."

Over the years, the Canadian Government's record of success in negotiations with American government and business interests has been a running joke. The Americans have come to know and love us as the country which, given an inch, will take half an inch and go away happy. Rather like the good old days when the Indians sold Manhattan Island for $24 in trinkets. The Indians, of course, woke up long ago.

American control of Canadian cinemas has epitomized the syndrome. Canadian movie houses were built to show American movies and have remained a territorial monopoly for American distributors. Canada is Hollywood's number one foreign market, paying 93 percent of all theatrical film rentals to the likes of Paramount and Warner Bros. Approximately 1-1/2 percent of the massive $240 million annual Canadian box office goes to Canadian film production which is thus limited and chronically under-financed.

For 50 years, the Canadian government has been bemoaning the situation:

> "For years I have been convinced that the film situation is one of very great danger to this Dominion..."
>
> Prime Minister R.B. Bennett
>
> September 16, 1931

For 30 years, the government has been threatening to do something about it. In 1948 there was the Canadian Co-operation Project: Hollywood's response to pressure from MacKenzie King, C.D. Howe and Louis St. Laurent (later a member of the Board of Famous Players) to leave behind some of the millions they were extracting from the Canadian box office. This was the first "voluntary agreement" and Pierre Berton enshrined it in *Hollywood's Canada* as "what

Sandra Gathercole was chairperson of the Council of Canadian Filmmakers for several years. Recently, she has worked for the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission editing the Grierson tapes.

the Americans had always wanted it and intended it to be: a public relations operation and nothing more."

Since the formation of the Canadian Film Development Corporation in 1968, successive Secretaries of State have publicly scolded Hollywood's representatives, and threatened drastic action (some form of quota protection and tax on American earnings) if the Americans didn't clean up their act.

> "Secretary of State, Judy LaMarsh, yesterday served notice on Canadian cinema chains... that the Government expects them to show more Canadian-made feature films in the future. If this is not forthcoming, she indicated the Government may have to impose quotas on foreign films."
>
> *Globe and Mail*, June 21, 1968

> "... we are looking into quota systems... and the problem of foreign ownership of our distribution companies and film theatres."
>
> Secretary of State Gerard Pelletier
> Film Policy Speech, July, 1972

By 1973, moral suasion of this sort having failed, a new Secretary of State, Hugh Faulkner, set up a new "voluntary agreement" for the showing of Canadian films, to be replaced by a legislated quota if it did not succeed within one year. After a year it was clear that this "voluntary agreement" was not performing. The newly-formed Council of Canadian Filmmakers demanded legislative action, and CFDC Executive Director, Michael Spencer, told the **Toronto Star**, "We want a levy (box office tax). We want a quota." His Advisory Group passed a resolution backing him up.

> "In July, 1973, I negotiated a voluntary quota with Famous Players and Odeon... I am not satisfied with the results of this agreement... It has been evident for some time now that a more effective system must be found."
>
> Secretary of State Hugh Faulkner
> Speech to Commons Committee
> May, 1975

On August 5, the "more effective system" was announced. It amounted to a more effective voluntary agreement and Faulkner said:

> "I am gratified that Famous Players and Odeon have seized the initiative and responded positively to this increased quota plan. This new agreement, much broader in every way than the earlier one, has the potential to be really effective."

The potential was not realized. The 1976-77 Annual Report of the CFDC stated:

> "Tabulations for the first year's performance of Famous Players under the Quota Program show that, if the Program is to be literally interpreted, this company has not met its commitment... As for Odeon... the Program was not a success..." (Famous Players met 37 percent of its commitment; Odeon lagged behind.)

In 1976 John Roberts burst into the Secretary of State's Office like a heavy-weight Man From Glad. Roberts was informed, sympathetic, and he talked to the Americans, making it clear whose interests it was his job to protect. If the Hollywood companies were aghast, the Canadian film industry was buoyant. It had found a champion.

Last November, Roberts presented Cabinet with a Memorandum on Film Policy which confronted foreign control head-on. The document proposed a 10 percent tax on distribution revenues, with a rebate which would have functioned as a quota for Canadian films. Such measures would have doubled the funds available to the CFDC while virtually eliminating the need for the present $4 million tax subsidy it receives.

Roberts justified his fiscal proposals this way:

> "Canada is the largest foreign market in the world for American films. Despite this fact, distributors have never really contributed to the development of the Canadian industry, either by investment or by assuring effective distribution of Canadian films in Canada or abroad... Almost all other countries have already adopted equivalent measures (if not more radical ones) than those which we are recommending here... By imposing such a tax, we would not be inventing anything new but would only be adopting a practical measure utilized by other countries... They (fiscal measures) must constitute the essence of an important policy which I propose to announce in the next six weeks."

Because the measures had teeth, Roberts took the precaution of checking with a top financial house that they didn't contravene provincial, national or international tax obligations. He also warned the Cabinet that:

> "Foreign distributors will violently oppose these fiscal measures and will use their influence in Washington. The American Government will likely threaten to take counter measures, for example, excluding Canadian films from the American market."

On January 30 of this year, Roberts made it clear, in the following exchange in the House with the Conservative Culture Critic, that he was still planning a strong policy:

> "David MacDonald:
> Mr. Speaker: Can he (Mr. Roberts) say... that it will be more than just a continuation of the present voluntary agreements which are obviously hopelessly inadequate?"
> "Hon. John Roberts:
> Yes, Mr. Speaker... It will be much more extensive than a continuation of the voluntary agreements..."

Last month Roberts stood before the Commons Committee on Broadcasting, Film, and Assistance to the Arts and announced a lame excuse for a film policy – a pale shadow of his original design. It was precisely what he had assured Mr. MacDonald it would not be: a continuation of the hopelessly inadequate voluntary agreements.

Somewhere along the line – in Cabinet or, more likely, in Jean Chretien's office – the film policy we were supposed to have had been sabotaged. The bold statements about the cultural *raison d'être* and the necessity of fiscal measures were gone. Roberts was now taking a "pragmatic" approach: "jigging" the present system rather than "renovating" it. And jigging it was. The only substantive moves – a marginal increase in National Film Board contracting to the private sector, a $1 million increase to the CFDC earmarked for made-for-TV movies, and a secondary distribution network – were an attempt to make the public and private sectors compatible and reroute Canadian films away from the main arenas into church halls and TV. Other measures, such as improvement of an element of the Capital Cost Allowance for film investors, were helpful but minor.

When it came to the central problem of foreign control of the educational and theatrical markets, the policy was a

dead loss. The core of fiscal measures had been stripped out and the problem had been thrown back on the provinces (with whom the Federal Government has been playing political football on this issue for years), and onto gentlemen's agreements. Roberts repeated the diagnosis of the ailment offered in his November policy; it was the remedy which had changed:

> "It is not acceptable that the present system works so overwhelmingly to present foreign films and so little to develop a market for Canadian material... I expect them (distributors) to find methods... to provide a better distribution of Canadian films... I intend to renegotiate an improved *voluntary quota* to ensure that Canadian films have better access to our cinemas." (emphasis added)

Noting that only 1-1/2 percent of the Canadian box office was going to Canadian filmmakers, Roberts said he was "hopeful" that the distributors would "take steps quickly to ensure greater investment". The people who brought us the problem were, once again, assigned to its solution. The most that distinguishes this new attempt from previous voluntary agreements is that the companies involved are, this time, under investigation by the Federal Governments in both the U.S. and Canada for monopoly practices. Two of those companies have been charged under the Canadian Combines Investigation Act.

But the difference between the two policies was the difference between a sovereign nation and a colony, and it made clear who's in charge here. The first policy told the Americans what the rules of the game were and what the cost of doing business in their richest and softest market was going to be. The second policy was a supplicant, begging concessions from the landlord, and leaving the Canadian industry to operate on sufferance in its own country.

That difference was reflected in the disparate reaction the policies drew from Canadian and American sectors. The Canadians may have liked the original policy, but their response to the final version was incredulity and sarcasm. Coming after years of concerted lobbying (briefs, telegrams, meetings, and a 1000 signature Petition to Parliament signed by people like Norman Jewison and Norman McLaren) in support of a levy, the policy was a bitter disappointment.

ACTRA – whose position on voluntary agreements has always been that they are about as effective as voluntary income tax – called the policy a failure and said they would continue to work for a real policy.

The Canadian Film and Television Association's President, Fin Quinn, termed it "the proverbial elephant giving birth to a mouse", and asked what, given the past record of voluntary agreements, made the Minister "think there will be an improvement now?"

Director Peter Pearson observed that the Minister "went into Cabinet with a lion of a film policy and came out with kitty litter."

Kirwan Cox, Chairman of the 14,000 member Council of Canadian Filmmakers, told the *Toronto Star*:

> "The Government is under the delusion that you can support Canadian culture without interfering with American control of the marketplace... Without some form of levy, the film policy is irrelevant."

The CFDC's Michael Spencer was quoted in the *Star* as saying:

> "I thought there should have been a box-office levy, 5 cents on every ticket price, and that would have made the difference between profit and loss."

The Canadian public, according to a February CROP poll, agrees. That survey reported that a majority of Canadians would require all movie theatres to show Canadian films at least 10 percent of the time, and almost half would agree to pay an extra 35 cents on every ticket to support Canadian movies.

But the Liberal Cabinet wasn't listening to Canadians – the public, the industry, the CFDC, or even the Secretary of State – when they nixed the original film policy. They were responding instead to the American threats, real or perceived, which Roberts had predicted. The Americans acknowledge their intervention but disclaim anything more than a gentle nudge in the right direction. An official of the U.S. State Department was quoted in the April 17 issue of *Macleans* magazine as saying that his office had assumed the 10 percent tax wouldn't be approved "so we only had a junior officer call the (Canadian) Embassy to tell them we wouldn't much like it." To add insult to injury, Finance Minister Jean Chrétien cavalierly told the same magazine that the tax had been chucked out because no one in the Canadian film community had made a case for it.

The Americans were as pleased with the final result as the Canadians were outraged. The ironically-named Canadian Motion Picture Distributors Association (which is as Canadian as its members, among which are Paramount, Columbia, Universal, United Artists, Warner Bros., 20th Century Fox), gave it rave reviews. Executive Director Millard Roth said the film policy was "rather consistent with a lot of the views which we presented." George Heiber, CMPDA President, and Canadian General Manager for United Artists, said:

> "I'm pleased at this moment with the film policy statement. I think it is very fair. There were no limitations put on it. We're not putting any on the Government and they're not putting any on us."

Perhaps the most pernicious aspect of the policy was its capacity for extending the branch plant control of Heiber's member companies from distribution and exhibition into production. For example: a voluntary investment program, as opposed to a levy, leaves the control of the funds, and therefore control of what films are made, in their hands. The American companies have also made an agreement with Mr. Roberts to read and assess Canadian scripts but the exploitative proviso is that the writer sign an unconditional waiver releasing those companies from any claim in the off chance that they produce a film which is "identical or similar" to the script submitted.

It may, therefore, not be a great loss if this latest incarnation goes the way of its predecessors and becomes merely another postponement of what everyone knows must eventually be done. Certainly Roberts himself has no real expectation that his agreement will amount to anything more. In response to press scepticism of the policy, he said:

> "I don't think I ever said that I had faith that they would respond. I said that I was hopeful... If we are going to take another approach.... we must provide no excuse whatsoever for the argument that... they haven't been given a chance to show what they can do."

Short of a sign from God, the evidence of what they can do would seem to be in. Roberts came closer to the real reason for not proceeding with legislation in the following press comment:

"The chief factor hampering my policy formation was the economic reality... We can't support an industry without access to the international market. And it's very difficult to get the co-operation we need from foreign distributors if we're clobbering them here. That's the key conundrum."

Last November – before he was spooked by the Americans or the Cabinet or both – Roberts didn't see it as a conundrum. Then he was prepared to call the Americans' bluff. When he warned the Cabinet of American threats of reprisal, he also advised them that "it is unlikely that the Motion Picture Association of America, or the American Government, would want to risk the loss of the extremely profitable Canadian market." Precisely. If it comes down to a game of brinksmanship, Canada is holding all the cards. Our market is worth $60 million to the Americans but it's doubtful we earn 1 percent of that in theirs. The $6 million gain from the proposed levy would, at any rate, more than compensate us for the losses in the American market, were it ever totally withdrawn.

What Roberts appears to have forgotten, in the interim, is that his original levy proposal is a universal remedy which most countries have applied against the Americans. Because the Americans' commercial success is achieved at the expense of everyone else's (there is no commercially viable film industry, in an unprotected market, outside the U.S.), levy has become the norm, rather than the exception, for the world's film industries. To it we owe Bergman, Truffaut, Fellini, Bunuel and most of our non-American film experience.

The countries applying this sanction have no less access to the American market than Canada. Our fear is based on a myth which other countries have discarded: the myth that somehow, if we are a good branch plant and forfeit control of our own market, the Americans will allow us into theirs where we will have a shot at the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. The fact of the matter is that there is no entry to the American market – on a large scale – and there is little hope of realizing profits from films which do gain entry.

America is a media imperialist. It invented the concept of the free flow of information to justify its own unilateral penetration of foreign markets. The country which controls the world's film markets has not neglected to control its own. In fact, America is the world's most xenophobic and protectionist media market. It shares with Red China the distinction of having less (2 percent) of its television time devoted to foreign programming than any other nation (Russia imports 5 percent). The last time UNESCO checked, the U.S. stood alone as the world's most protected movie market: 95 percent of all movies are domestic.

As for the pot of gold beyond the magic door... it doesn't exist for independent producers be they Canadian, Timbuctuians, or even Americans. The list of independents who made a million in the American market fits on a postage stamp. The list of those who were ripped off is long and international. CFDC Director, Michael Spencer, commented in the April issue of **Trade News North**:

"We've been in bed with the major companies from the very beginning... There was **Fortune and Men's Eyes**; we never got any money back on that. You know, **Act of the Heart**, **Fan's Notes**... We never got any money back on any of these pictures... We gave up on the U.S. major companies sometime around about **Duddy Kravitz**.

Peter Guber, producer of **The Deep**, which made over $100 million at the box office, told the Los Angeles Filmex symposium that he had not seen a penny of profit. Al Ruddy, producer of **The Longest Yard**, made a similar charge at a Canadian seminar in January.

Just as the world will get solar energy, in a serious way, when and if Exxon figures out how to claim ownership of the sun, Canada will get their features into the American market if and when the American majors (which are themselves owned by massive multinationals like Gulf & Western and Trans-America), gain financial and creative control over our production. That is a possibility which suits too many of our pseudo-producers too well. Being agents for the Americans is personally profitable for them and many have made a life's work of compradorship. It also interests Hollywood: Universal Studios have already set up a Canadian production arm.

But personal profits for the American majors and a handful of Canadian businessmen is a very different thing from the potential social and cultural benefits for Canada in having a production industry of our own. A film industry designed to serve their limited commercial imperatives will be a branch plant, and branch plants have no potential to serve a nation's larger goals in any industry, particularly not in the communications industry.

Despite the recent bonanza of truly excellent, and truly Canadian, features like **Why Shoot the Teacher**, **Outrageous**, **Who Has Seen the Wind**, **One Man**, and **J.A. Martin photographe**, the Canadian industry is hovering on the edge of becoming such a branch plant. The majority of funds invested – and movies made – have nothing to do with this country. Films which disguise their Canadian location by replacing Canadian flags and license plates with American; films which defy the fundamental truth of all great art – that it is uncompromisingly set in its own specific physical and social milieu. Such films amount to international nonsense and receive neither the critical nor the commercial success of the best of our indigenous products. Britain, having suffered this bitter lesson of concessions to internationalism, is not attempting to recover and is dedicated to making unashamedly British films.

If the Canadian industry is permitted to further drift in the American-controlled market system it was born into, its purpose will be perverted beyond redemption. Commercial logic will have triumphed over social logic once again in this country and the government will be hard pressed to explain what its multi-million dollar investment has been all about.

Unfortunately, the final film policy has encouraged, rather than retarded that drift. If we are not going to be America's number one communications colony forever, the government is going to have to accept the world's wisdom and intervene in its own market, as John Roberts originally proposed. That's going to require making the essential distinction between good neighborliness and selling out.

In the meantime, policies such as the Liberals have just delivered for film, are compromising the country's needs. They mean the export of talent, jobs, and millions of dollars, which Canada has been doing since days of Mary Pickford. They put another generation of talent on hold. They postpone our development and blunt our sense of self. Ultimately, they are going to cost us our political and economic independence. They simply don't make sense. □

Lining up in an anti-litter commercial produced for the Manitoba Government and Outdoors Unlimited, Inc.

credo wins favor

photos from Credo

by Jaan Pill

Animation is one of the disciplines in which Canadian filmmakers excel. The First Symposium on Canadian Animation, on which Jaan Pill reports below, opens what will be a rich year for animators and their fans. Later this summer, Ottawa will host its second animation festival, making that city the meeting place for filmmakers from all over the world.

The First Symposium on Canadian Animation, sponsored by ASIFA Canada, the National Film Board, the Cinémathèque Québécoise, the Canadian Film Institute and the Canadian Filmmakers' Distribution Centre, was held at Toronto's Harbourfront from March 31-April 2.

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Jaan Pill is a free-lance Toronto writer and a great fan of animated films.

For my part, the highlight of the whole symposium was the series of animated commercials from the Credo Group in Winnipeg. A unique feature of Credo's approach to animation is that in making the commercials its animators, such as Brad Caslor (**Used Car** for the Manitoba Consumers Bureau and **Zooming Hoses** for the Manitoba Energy Council, among others) and Chris Hinton (**Harry the Furnace** and **Zambini** for government agencies) each directed, designed, inked and did the backgrounds for their respective commercials. In other words, each commercial was the work of one person from start to finish. This fact was evident in all the Credo commercials and served to make them stand out: in color co-ordination, story-line, editing, as well as in terms of audience response. Another strong feature of the commercials was the fact that they were conceived first of all in the context

of animation as a form of film, which had to stand or fall on their strengths as films communicating with an audience.

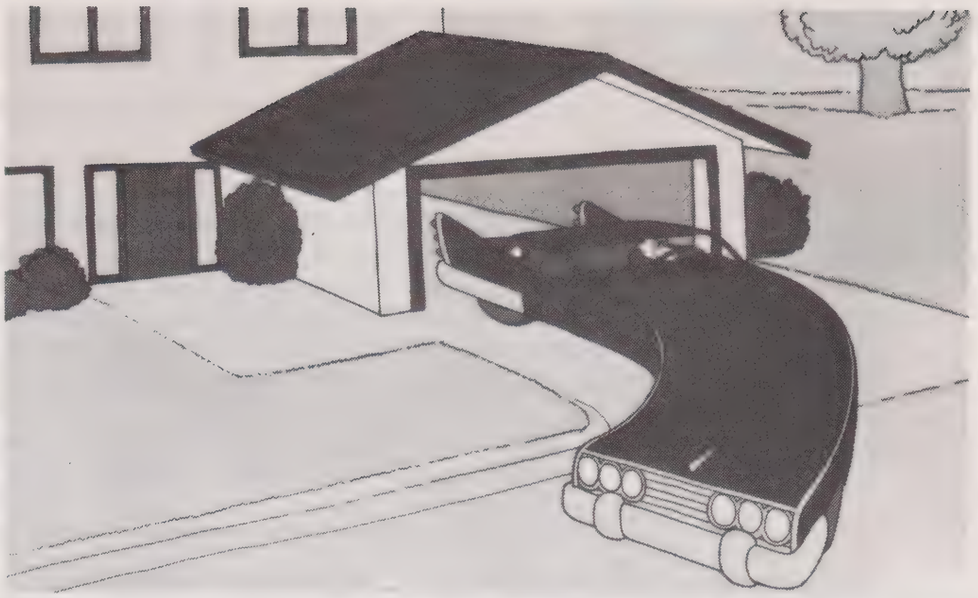
The Credo films' stylistic integrity – in the sense of having a single stylistic point of view – contrasted strongly with the dog's breakfast school of animation which inevitably surfaced in a number of other films shown at the Symposium, in particular the Film Board's **The Hottest Show on Earth**, an amalgam of differing styles of animated and live-action sequences, all of which have a strength on their own – and convey significant information – such as the fact that "North Americans make up only six percent of the world's population, but we use 40 percent o the world's energy, and we waste half of it" – but which when thrown together create a confusing and disorienting hodgepodge of conflicting styles.

Still another highlight of the symposium, was Rick Butler's hour-long documentary on the 1976 International Animated Film Festival in Ottawa. It was fascinating to see the work of award-winning animators, and then to see them in live-action interviews. In particular, Peter Foldes came across as an interesting character. One really got the impression that the former abstract expressionist painter, now sitting in front of a computer, would really have preferred not to be filmed at all. On the other hand, there were also entertaining interviews with fanatical "animation freaks" who were in pure ecstasy at the opportunity to see so many animated films from around the world in so short a time.

Among other films shown at the Symposium were **Allegro Non Troppo**, a feature-length-take-off on Disney's Fantasia made by Italy's Bruno Bozzetti, as well as Ishu Patel's **The Bead Game**, Co Hoedeman's **Sand Castle** (the latter two films were both nominated for Oscars this year and the **Sand Castle** actually won that award several days after the Symposium in Hollywood), as well as Jacques Drouin's **Mindscape** and Caroline Leaf's **Metamorphosis of Mr. Samsa**.

The idea for the symposium originated with Derek Lamb, executive producer for English-language animation for the NFB, who did a commendable job as chairman and master of ceremonies for the seminars and screenings.

The first panel – on the Financing and Distribution of Animated Films – concluded that money is a problem, that it's useful to think about distribution before you make your film, and that you're unlikely to make any money at all if you aim exclusively for the Canadian market.



Turning the corner in a 30 second commercial **Zooming Hoses** for the Manitoba Energy Council

The second panel, on the Future of Canadian Animation, was slightly more envigorating. Panelist Michael Mills, of Michael Mills Productions in Montreal, told the assembled animators and would-be animators (and just plain fans) that he's looking for talent all the time and suggested that animation students (there was a strong contingent from Sheridan College) send him sample reels of their work. "I may be able to offer you a full time job before you graduate," he said, and specified that "I like to see line tests. I want to see the way the animator can act, his sense of timing, the way he can move characters, and just the way he perceives the craft." He also said he wasn't looking only for animators, but also for designers, background artists, and people who can come up with original ideas.

Derek Mazur, president of the Credo Group in Winnipeg, whose series of commercials received a particularly favorable audience response during the screening of animated commercials from across Canada, asked the audience not to forget that creativity in Canada is not limited solely to Toronto or Montreal. "There's a considerable amount of animation done in Winnipeg. It's also done in Vancouver. Winnipeg may be cold, but it's a friendly place. I think that that's something you should consider, there are other studios."

The symposium also discussed computer animation. Michael Mills said it was very limited, and that the programming takes so long that by the time you finish it, you would have been better off doing it the conventional way. He said it was like programming a computer to paint a picture, and added that the computer that the NFB's **Hunger** was done on happened to be the only computer of its type in the world and that it was too expensive to use for TV commercials. "**Hunger** was a very good film. But I think it would've been better if it wasn't done by a computer. Because it has the mechanical feel that computers always give."

Another panelist, John Straiton, an advertiser by profession and an animator "by avocation", said that animation has a limited place in advertising, because it is usually less effective than live-action, especially in product advertising. He also said funny commercials usually work less well than serious ones.

Still another panelist, the NFB's Bob Verral, said that he had much enjoyed a film screened earlier in the day from the University of British Columbia on Darwin's theory of evolution. He said the film (which had much good humor in it, with dead-pan irony in the sound-track playing off touches of irony in the picture), would have a big market in schools "if there would be a way of distributors and producers getting together on that kind of a production... that is for me one of the most exciting fresh films I've seen for a long time."

The panel also featured a convoluted debate about the Film Board's mandate, the financial strictures preventing the Board from making lengthier animated films, and the problems the Board would create if it competed with the private sector in producing films specifically for the "entertainment market".

Finally, Co Hoedeman, president of ASIFA Canada, outlined plans for this summer's 1978 International Animated Film Festival in Ottawa. □

which way the co-ops?

Film co-ops have played an important role in Canadian filmmaking over the last years. Although they have sprung up in most of the larger cities, the granddaddy of them all is the Toronto Filmmakers Co-op. In April, that co-op had a meeting to decide on new orientations. At the same time, we heard from the Filmpool in Regina, the newest of the co-ops. The following réués give some idea of the problems and aspirations of those who want to make films co-operatively.

toronto struggles

"An epic struggle climaxing in solvency" is how the new executive of the Toronto Filmmakers Co-op describes its determined efforts to keep the co-op from sinking into bankruptcy.

The well-attended general meeting of the co-op that was held on Sunday, April 9, at the co-op's offices at 67 Portland Street, was a cross between a Rochdale reunion (the co-op was founded at Rochdale College in 1971) and a ritual debate (one observer called it déjà aura, which meant he'd heard it many, many times before) between "commercial" filmmakers on one hand and the "independent-experimental-personal" filmmakers on the other.

Bill Boyle, stepping down after four years as co-ordinator, kicked off the debate with the observation (which was not brought up again by anyone else during the meeting) that Canada Council had, in 1976, spoken of eventual self-sufficiency for the co-op and "eventual phase-out" of the Council's financial support. Boyle said he had felt at the time that "the only way we could continue in existence was to maintain some kind of money-making ventures."

Later Boyle also said that he opposed having the co-op dedicated to the production of low budget films by young filmmakers, on the grounds that the size of the Toronto film community made the co-op different from other centres. He acknowledged that "there are other people who disagree."

Boyle also argued that the changes seen in the last four years were simply the result of decisions made by members who were active in the co-op, and that people who had complained about the co-op's direction had not been involved in the co-op.

George Csaba Koller, who described the co-op in its present form as a loose alliance of small businesses, remarked in turn that the reason experimental filmmakers had stayed away might have something to do with the way Boyle had been running things. Other observers argued that the co-op's growth to its present form had actually lessened its ability to serve a greater number of people, and that the co-op's founders had envisaged a grant-supported production facility for beginner filmmakers, instead of a commercial pay-as-you-go operation charging high rates to members.

Raphael Bendahan, an experimental filmmaker who had stayed away from the co-op for four years, charged that in recent times "a lot of people have come to the co-op who are independent production companies, which is a different thing from being an independent filmmaker." He said Boyle's role had been essentially that of a businessman: "He seems to be fulfilling the needs of companies who want to make 30 prints at Quinn's... Instead of using commercial facilities they come to the co-op." Bendahan said that before deciding on the future function of a co-ordinator, the co-op should first decide what a co-op is and does. Others, including Boyle, agreed.

However, Boyle disagreed with Bendahan's comments on commercialism: "Everybody who's... receiving any kind of services out of this co-op is making blood and guts films like everybody else." And anyway, he asked, what is commercialism? "I don't know what it is. Is it the one that makes the money back?"

Some other speakers said that the two approaches aren't mutually exclusive: that it's possible to make personal statement films and to make money from them at the same time. Still others said there is a clear distinction between information that is, and is not, marketable within "the corporate money system."

Iain Ewing, a director of commercial films who described his own trials as a beginning filmmaker 12 years ago, said that if people were willing to become shareholders in a company to keep the co-op going, then they may as well run it as a business and try to make money with it. But he said that if the co-op gets government grants then it should not use its tax-supported equipment to compete with private sector businesses such as Patrick Spence-Thomas and Mirrophonic Sound. Ewing also received strong support for his suggestion that anyone using co-op facilities should return to the co-op a specified percentage of any profit.

Sandra Gathercole was also at the meeting She mentioned that it was four years since she had been involved with the co-op and that the fact that it was still running was a major achievement: "Whether it's gone in one direction or the other direction – I understand that there's an ongoing debate: it'll probably be a permanent tension – this co-op is the oldest film co-op in the country. It still exists and I think Bill Boyle deserves credit for the fact that it exists."

Neil Livingston of the Atlantic Film Co-op, which many members see as a model in the co-op's efforts to regroup, remarked, "It sounds like you're going to elect a co-ordinator who's going to be with you four years and you'll say, 'Oh,.... we'll see what happens in four years.' "

He said that, in contrast, at the Halifax co-op, policy grows directly out of the strong involvement which results from members having to sit on committees that look after funding, scheduling and the like. He suggested a similar system for the Toronto co-op. He also said that in his co-op's experience, the best choice for a co-ordinator is a filmmaker (who isn't allowed to make films while in office) who knows how to handle the books. He also spoke about the Newfoundland co-op, which is even more tightly knit than the co-op in Halifax.

The Canada Council, through the participation of Film and Video Officer Françoise Picard, played a key role toward the end of the meeting. Picard drew attention to the equipment fee ($25 a day for a Steenbeck) which is on top of the membership fee ($75) and noted that the equipment is not really a co-op asset – "The equipment was funded by all the grants and there is an alternate owner." She also emphasized that the constitution hasn't changed: "There must be in-house production that is accessible to the members" – and that at the same time, if people get editing jobs in connection with other work, they should pay for the use of the equipment.

Patrick Lee read a letter to the co-op from the Canada Council in which Picard said that the second instalment of a $20,000 grant – the letter included a first instalment of $5,000 – was conditional on the prompt election of a new co-ordinator.

The meeting also passed a motion by Jim Murphy which called for a monthly meeting of the executive (with public posting of minutes); monthly financial statements; and the stipulation that a member of the executive who misses more than two consecutive meetings without good cause would be forced to give up the position.

Also passed was a point-of-order motion by George Csaba Koller calling for the election of the new executive by all those present, instead of only by paid-up members.

The old executive – that is, Nelson Smith, Patrick Lee, Mark Irwin, Michelle Moses and Don Haig – earlier made a presentation calling for a production unit for low budget films; the ending of the co-op's role as landlord; getting out of the running of the mixing studio as much as possible; more opportunities for people to get to know each other; a newsletter; new bylaws; and a system of financial controls.

The new executive elected at the meeting includes: Ross McLaren, Patrick Lee, Sally Dundas, Keith Lock, Lacia Kornylo, Jim Murphy, George Csaba Koller, Kalli Paakspuu, Tom Urquhart and Jock Brandis. The executive undertook to choose a new co-ordinator by April 29, based on a job definition decided upon by the general membership.

Jaan Pill

filmpool begins

Aspiring Saskatchewan filmmakers met in Regina last March for a three-day intensive pre-production workshop with resource persons Barbara Green, a producer with the National Film Board in Montreal and Rick Patton, an independent filmmaker and professor of film at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver.

The workshop was held in the National Film Board office on the Easter weekend and included film screenings and discussions about film marketing, scripting, budgeting and production management. About 22 people attended the sessions.

The workshop was sponsored, with the NFB, by Saskatchewan Filmpool, a co-operative of Saskatchewan filmmakers and film production personnel formed one year ago.

"We formed Filmpool as a mutual support organization for Saskatchewan film people, both to work towards goals common to the membership and to put on educational programs for the community like the Easter weekend workshop." said Ian Preston, president of the six-member co-op.

Filmpool was set up mainly as an equipment co-op, Mr. Preston said. 16mm production equipment was purchased with Canada Council seed money and some programs were begun which, hopefully, will make it possible for the co-op's members to learn filmmaking skills and to practice them on productions of their own.

Aside from the equipment pool and education programs, Filmpool will be creating a file of Saskatchewan film production talent and making it accessible to existing producers.

The co-op began shortly after the shooting of Allan King's film **Who Has Seen the Wind** south of Regina. Most of the people who started Filmpool had worked on that production and have subsequently been doing freelance film work in and around Regina.

Rick Patten at Filmpool.

The main objective of Filmpool is to promote film production. The group hopes to do this, first by creating an awareness of film in the community, and secondly, by developing its member's skills so that the film needs of the community can be met. Ultimately the group hopes to produce films that reflect something about this region and of the creativity of its members.

The Easter weekend workshop was the first in a series of programs planned by the group. Others include workshops, film screenings and discussions and, of course, continued involvement in the Saskatchewan art community.

Jerry Horne

Those interested in learning more about Filmpool and its activities should contact the Filmpool office at 527-8818 during office hours on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, visit the office in room 210, 1821 Scarth Street (Northern Crown Building), Regina, Saskatchewan or write to Box 3927, Regina S4P 3R8.

TECH NEWS

by Rodger J. Ross

TELEVISION FILM POST PRODUCTION METHODS

Technological changes now taking place in the television industry will almost certainly have far-reaching effects on television program production on film. The availability of lightweight, portable electronic cameras and videotape recorders has made possible a rapid change-over from film to electronic news gathering (ENG). With the prospect of all-electronic television station operation in sight, broadcasters are now transferring film programs to videotape prior to on-air release. The immediate advantage is to eliminate manning of both videotape and telecine facilities. Taking the next obvious step, broadcasters are beginning to ask: "Why not produce all television programs on videotape so as to get rid of film and telecine altogether?"

But there is another quite interesting alternative for filmmakers in the midst of these developments. Until recently, broadcasters held an almost exclusive monopoly of film reproduction in the television system. Filmmakers and program producers had to give the broadcasters fully-timed and color-corrected prints, and the broadcasters then put the films through their telecine machines to generate video and audio signals for transmission to the public.

This divided responsiblity for the quality of the television pictures from film has been the cause of much dissatisfaction on both sides. But now that broadcasters are insisting that all television programs should be on videotape, opportunities are opening up for filmmakers to take over the operation of telecine equipment and assume the responsibility for making the transfers to video tape. This offers the double benefit of giving broadcasters videotapes of film programs, and at the same time, enables filmmakers to gain direct access to the equipment used to reproduce their films in the television system.

The invention of videotape recording, hailed by broadcasters as a long-awaited release from the tensions and frustrations of direct on-air programming from television studios, had an unexpected outcome. Independent production companies acquired videotape recorders to turn out commercials, and often complete television programs as well. Then motion picture laboratories began to acquire electronic facilities, at first mainly to produce what might be termed commercial quality helican scan videotapes for non-broadcast applications.

The possibilities for using film cameras to make the original recordings, instead of the much more complex, costly and inconvenient electronic picture-making equipment quickly became apparent, and some film laboratories have already installed telecine machines to transfer films to videotape. With these facilities it is no longer necessary to make fully timed and color corrected prints for television – a first trial print can be corrected electronically by appropriate adjustments of telecine camera controls. Going a step further, original camera films can be transferred to tape, avoiding altogether the costly and time-consuming printing stage, and effects such as fades, dissolves and supers can be put in electronically with still further savings in production costs. A recent issue of the Journal of the British Kinematograph, Sound and Television Society (BKSTS) had a news item about the expansion of facilities at Colour Film Services Ltd. in London; flying spot telecines have been installed to enable color negatives to be transferred to videotape.

Many different methods can be employed in producing programs on videotape, with film as the source. At one end of the scale, existing projection prints can be transferred to tape in a single uninterrupted run. The film is laced into a telecine projector and stopped on a convenient leader number – say 10, giving a run-up time of ten seconds to the start of the picture. A recording of the television color bars is then made at the head end of the videotape, and the recorder is backed up to minus ten seconds. Then, on a cue signal, both machines are started, and the recorder is switched to the "record"mode at the end of the 10-sec. interval. As the film is running, a video operator at the telecine camera control console can make any necessary adjustments of video levels and color balance, while the output is viewed on a nearby color picture monitor.

At the other end of the scale, all of the original camera footage for a production can be transferred to tape, simply by splicing the material into one or more large rolls. Then a finished program can be assembled on videotape by electronic editing. While the transfer is being made, a procedure similar to conventional film timing has to be followed to compensate for scene-to-scene density and color variations in the originals.

These variations are likely to be quite extensive, giving the telecine video operator a difficult task in making the necessary adjustments of camera controls. Stopping and starting of the telecine projector when camera originals are being reproduced should be avoided as far as possible so as not to damage the valuable originals. At the start of each scene the video operator needs a few seconds to alter the camera

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Long time Supervisor of Technical Film Operations at the programming centre of the CBC, Mr. Ross is the author of two books, Television Film Engineering *and* Color Film for Color Television, *has won the Agfa-Gevaert Gold Medal, awarded by the Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers, and is presently chairman of the SMPTE Board of Editors.*

controls, and the effects of these adjustments will be seen in the television pictures. But this becomes a problem only when an entire scene, right out to the first frame, must be included in the program.

This procedure gives the videotape editor one or more reels of scenes, similar to that obtained when recordings are made with a live television camera. To be able to identify and quickly locate a particular scene in the recording, the SMPTE time code must be recorded on the tape while the transfers are being made, or later on, in a second recording session before editing commences. A list of scene descriptions with the corresponding numbers derived from the time code give the producer and videotapes editor the information they need to put the program together.

Between these two extremes a great many different methods of program assembly on videotape have been devised and are being utilized already in the industry. A particularly attractive post-production method is to assemble the film materials into A&B rolls in a manner similar to A&B roll film printing. The film rolls can be transferred to tape either one at a time, or simultaneously in two interlocked telecine projectors.

When a simultaneous transfer is being made, two separate video outputs from the A&B rolls are needed at a television switcher-mixer, where fades, mixes and supers can be added. Sequential A&B roll transfers must be recorded on two separate videotapes, and then played back through a switcher-mixer to integrate the scenes into a finished program, complete with effects, on another tape.

These somewhat more complex assembly operations, while putting added demands on the equipment and operating personnel, can give the very finest results, comparable in every way with programs produced entirely on film, or entirely with electronic cameras and recorders. Some degree of equipment automation is essential to aid the operators and give a smoother performance. Already, some post-production companies have facilities for making scene-to-scene corrections automatically. First, the films to be transferred are viewed on telecine, and a punched paper tape is prepared, similar to a printer control tape. In a second run, while the transfers are being made, the punched paper tape puts in the corrections automatically. .

By putting as much as possible of the post-production work into the A&B roll film stage, the amounts of time needed for electronic editing on costly videotape machines can be reduced to a minimum. Besides, it is much easier to locate sections of film containing wanted scenes for the preparation of A&B rolls, than it is to identify and locate scenes in large rolls of videotape recordings.

EQUIPMENT NEWS

Note to Canadian distributors:

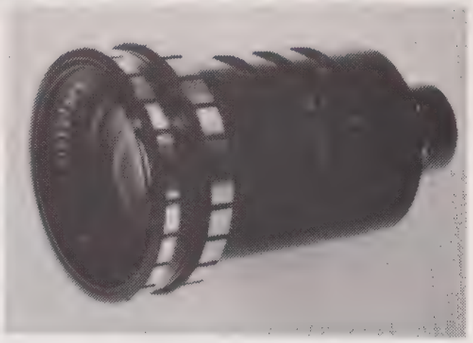
We would like to include the names and addresses of Canadian distributors of equipment and services mentioned in this section. Please ask your suppliers to give Canadian sources in their publicity releases. Ed.

Unique Application of Cinestrobe.

The Cinestrobe, used in the new film "Looking for Mr. Goodbar", is a powerful strobe light synchronized with the shutter of the motion picture camera, producing an effect heretofore not seen in theatrical motion pictures. Cinestrobe, available as an exclusive rental item from Alan Gordon Enterprises Inc. in Hollywood, achieves a dramatic lighting effect, impossible to obtain with any other type of equipment.

Director's Viewfinder.

After several years of research and development, AGE Inc., optical and mechanical engineers, have designed an instrument to meet the needs of film and TV directors and cameramen working in the 35mm. and 16mm. formats. The Mark IV 10:1 Zoom Director's Viewfinder has an effective range from 12mm. to 120mm. in the 16mm. format, and from 25mm. to



Model IV Director's 10:1 Viewfinder.

250mm. in the 35mm. format. Other features include a direct reading scale in lens focal length, optical quality coated glass, focusing eyepiece, smooth zoom movement, and weighs only 13 ounces. For more information write AGE Inc., 1430 Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028

Super 8 Notes From Adams & Associates

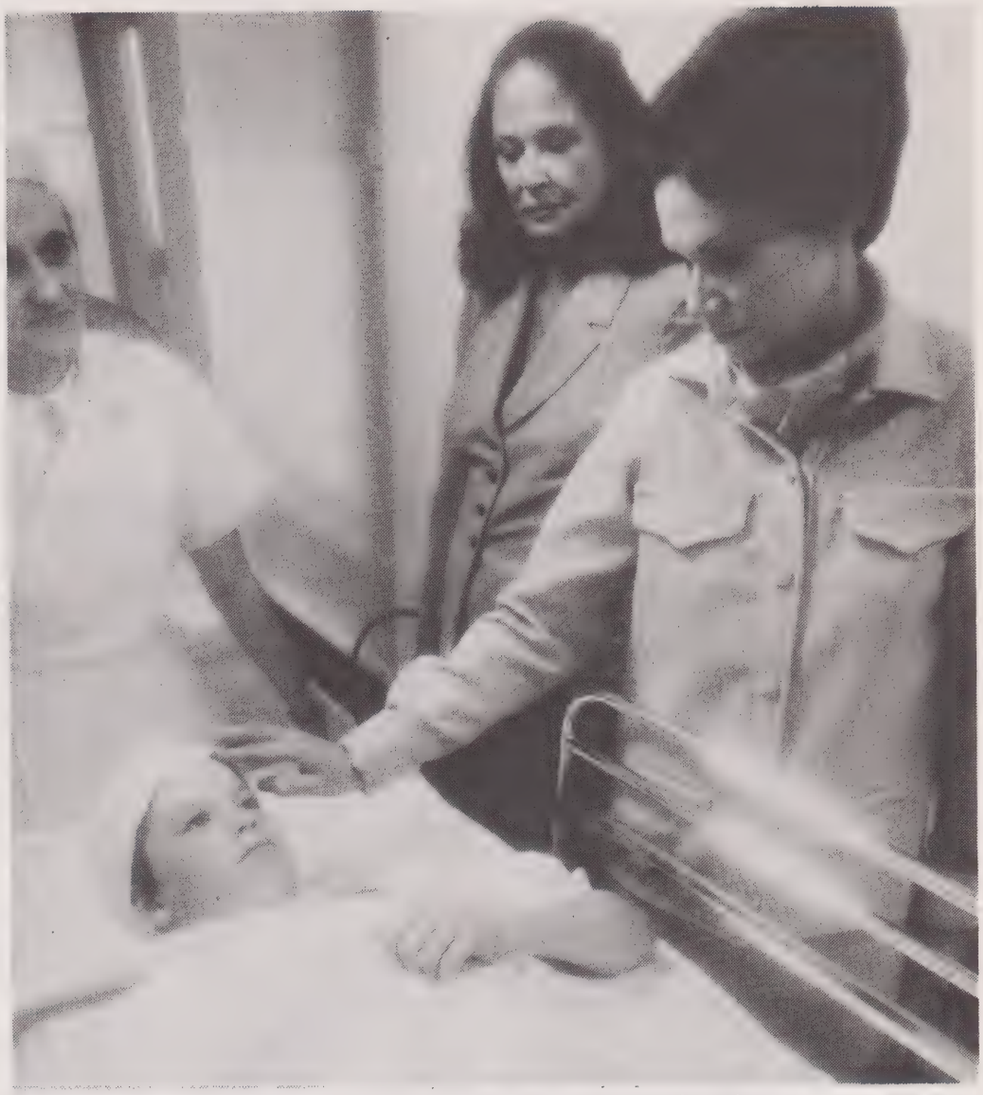
Vic Adams continues to put out his most interesting and useful bulletins. A recent issue has a lengthy article, complete with illustrations, on the use of polarizing filters. Another valuable service is a list of Canadian laboratories showing the various types of Super 8 work they can handle, arranged in a convenient form for easy reference. The address of Adams and Associates is 1645 Bank St., Suite 202, Ottawa, Ont. K1V 7Z1.

cinema canada

FILM REVIEWS

T.C. McLuhan's THE THIRD WALKER

d: T.C. McLuhan, **sc:** Robert Thom, **ph:** Robert Fiore, **ed:** Ulla Ryghe, **sd:** Richard Lightstone, **sd. ed.** Ken Heely-Ray, **a.d.:** William McCrow, **m:** Paul Hoffert, **l.p.:** Colleen Dewhurst, William Shatner, Frank Moore, Monique Mercure, Tony Meyer, David Meyer, Andrée Pelletier, Diana LeBlanc, **exec. p:** Melvin Simon and Quadrant Films, **p:** T.C. McLuhan, Brian Winston, **p.c.** Wychwood Productions (1977), **col:** 35mm, **running time:** 93 minutes.



Waiting for the operation to establish which of the three boys are the twins...
(Colleen Dewhurst and Monique Mercure)

The Third Walker may find a few enthusiastic defenders. More likely it will get the bloody bludgeon; savage wit rather than film criticism. The movie is an easy target for all those middlebrow reviewers who have no tolerance for any film outside the middleground and who customarily treat the work of Resnais, Pasolini, Warhol (to say nothing of more radical directors) as if it were an illegitimate use of celluloid. In this case the close spiritual relatives of **The Third Walker** are those eccentric Canadian movies – Gordon Shepherd's **Eliza's Horoscope**, Paul Almond's **Journey**, Don Owen's **The Ernie Game**, Joyce Weiland's **The Far Shore**, among others – in which it seems the material is far more meaningful to the director than it is to anyone else.

There are two explanations for this odd form of filmmaking; one prosaic – they are often the handiwork of someone who wrote, produced and directed the whole thing, so that there is little opportunity for internal criticism. By the time the movie is finished, it's way off the deep-end, as subjective as an Elizabeth Smart novel or a Sylvia Plath poem. It takes a monumental obtuseness not to recognize the different latitudes permitted a literary work with its far less-costly economic base, and a supposedly-commercial feature weighing in between $600,000 and $1 million, requiring the attention and support of millions of filmgoers to break even. The other (or additional) explanation for our long list of idiosyncratic films is that there is so little sense of artistic community in Canada we don't know what the common language, or the meeting grounds, of our culture should be. In this view, the directors of these films had no inkling that their films would strike many as being unintelligible. They want to establish a distinctive film culture. They want to break with American mass-tastes. But they have great difficulty creating something that is distinctively Canadian and *passionately interesting* to replace the dynamic mass culture originating in New York and Los Angeles.

By now, after so many Canadian film underdevelopment flops, one would expect any director to realize a few basic rules of the business: (a) the general public doesn't like elliptical, non-linear forms of film story-telling and no such film is ever as popular as those with a straightforward narrative. Moreoever, few stories benefit from a fragmented structure. For every **Blow Up, If...** or **The Servant** that *can* justify their obliqueness, and which did become major hits, there are dozens of obscurantist muddles – confusing films about nothing vital – that regularly die at the box office and certainly are no model to follow. (b) Any

film that doesn't have much to offer in the way of interesting characters or compelling observations had better lay on the sensationalism (witness Brian de Palma's current success with **The Fury**) so that filmgoers get *something* for their time and money. A common error in Canadian movies is that, not being Bergman, Antonioni or Fellini, our fantasist directors start out aiming at Art and end up looking silly, having given their shallow imaginations free reign to putter about in a cinematic sandbox. Surrealists have to be willing to probe their psyches deeply – boldly and crudely, at the very least, like Alexandro Jodorowsky, or with the consummate skill of Bunuel; otherwise it is a mode of filmmaking best left to the realms of 16mm where high-risk experiments don't lead to financial disaster. With a few exceptions – David Cronenberg, Richard Benner, Murray Markowitz come immediately to mind – the redeeming importance of sensationalism is not much appreciated by Canadian filmmakers.

Maybe, as I have argued elsewhere in "Inner Views", there are too many conservative areas in Canadian society to create and support a *vigorous* filmculture; if true, that leaves us in the paradoxical position of trying to sell naive films to sophisticated markets. Two provinces have recently banned Louis Malle's **Pretty Baby** – you *have* to be a cultural backwater (like Ireland, South Africa, Australia) to support the censorship practices of English-Canada. The question is, if we live in a place that prides itself on its conservative control of passion and imagination, what is there that the outside world should take an interest in? What is there to celebrate? More basically, what is there to sell?

In **The Third Walker** writer-director Teri McLuhan seems only to have considered intermittently that movies are something that have to be marketed. It has a saleable cast – Colleen Dewhurst is especially good, William Shatner and Monique Mercure are fine in smaller roles – but the screenplay never develops the real issues at stake in the story. Mood alone (Cape Breton scenery, Paul Hoffert music) can't sustain the film. Any ideas it has dissipate into whimsy. The story unravels like a knotted ball of yarn but this much is clear: sometime in the 1950s, twin brothers were born to a Scottish family and were accidentally separated at birth through an error by a maternity-ward nuse. One is sent home to a French-speaking family, the other to his real family along with a "twin" who is not a blood-relation. Monique Mercure portrays the mother of the misplaced twin, Etienne; Colleen Dewhurst, the true mother of the twins, raised his brother, Andrew. The brothers (depicted by real twins, Tony and David Meyer, from the Royal Shakespearean Players in England) are in their early 20s when the film opens, and haven't seen one another for about 15 years. We later learn that Dewhurst became suspicious of a possible error in the hospital when the boys go to school and are frequently mistaken for one another. She undertakes legal action and a court order for all three boys to have skin-graft tests to determine their parentage. The results prove, we are told (the court judgment is rendered by the voice of Marshall McLuhan) that Etienne and Andrew are truly twins while pseudo-brother James (Frank Moore) is of no fixed genetic address. The court further orders that Etienne and James should be swapped but Etienne's mother apparently runs away with him to prevent this from happening. "Apparently," because when the film opens, she lives in the same small community as everyone else, and (there's no explanation why the brothers have never run into one another over the years) and the father of the twins (William Shatner) has no difficulty locating them both, just before he dies. It's at his funeral that the twins meet again, and **The Third Walker** is ready to begin. Phew.

What we have next is a second wave of psychological complications set in the present. Etienne returns to his true mother's household (the twins, in twin beds, have long talks at night. They do a lot of deep staring at one another.) Step-brother James (who looks to be about 30) decides it's time to leave home. Andrew is torn between proceeding with plans to get married or investing all his money in a yacht and "cruising around the world" with his long-lost brother. As his relationship with Etienne deepens, his girl-friend (played by Andrée Pelletier) becomes jealous, insecure and possessive. He asks her to decide what he should do with his life and gives her all the money he has saved over the years (about $6,000). He tells her to place all of it on a racetrack bet (Andrew is a jockey) so that he can double it by winning the next race and buy the boat he wants – *if* she thinks that granting him freedom is a wise course. Otherwise she is to keep the money and they'll get married. She keeps the money, he wins the race. Then she realizes he will resent her for the rest of his life. Whereupon parting-brother James, in a gesture of largesse unmatched since the all-for-love sacrifices of Greta Garbo movies, gives her all the money *he* has, so that Andrew will think that she *did* trust him and placed the bet after-all. Then James goes to Andrew and apologizes for having nothing to give him for his wedding, and leaves with stoic heartburn.

If a man had made this movie he would probably be accused of being anti-feminist – at least – if not furtively homosexual. None of the female characters are humanly appealing – Dewhurst is ruthless, reducing her husband to alcoholism, and rebuffing the affection of James while pursuing her obsession of getting Etienne; Pelletier portrays a possessive cow to whom "love" means total ownership; Mercure is required to do a shrewish number at the top of her voice. The boys alone are shown to be warm, generous, affectionate – and fascinated by one another.

On the psychological level, the film doesn't wash. On the political-symbolism level, it doesn't make sense (assuming that the French-English division in the movie is supposed to make any comment at all).

Yet, occasionally, more in the resonance of the acting than anything that is said, **The Third Walker** acquires a haunting quality. In the main, however, the film is a wistful mystery about imaginary lives that ultimately has nothing to say. McLuhan is either faking her real concerns, or else, perhaps, she hasn't any.

It's astonishing, given the world we live in currently, that someone could come up with this sheltered-life fantasy.

John Hofsess

Richard Loncraine's FULL CIRCLE

d. Richard Loncraine, **sc.** Dave Humphries, **ph.** Peter Hannan, **ph. op.** Terry Permane, **still.** Anthony Bliss, **ed.** Catherine Lane, **sup. ed.** Ron Wisman, **sd.** Jim Hopkins, **sd. ed.** Tony Jackson, **a.d.** Brian Morris, **set dec.** Chris Burke, **cost.** Shuna Harwood, **l.p.** Mia Farrow, Keir Dullea, Tom Conti, Jill Bennett, Robin Gammell, Cathleen Nesbitt, Anna Wing, Pauline Jameson, Peter Sallis, Sophie Ward, Samantha Gates, **exec. p.** Julian Melzack, **p.** Peter Fetterman, Alfred Pariser, **p. sup.** Hugh Harlow, **p. manager.** Peter Bennett, Tony Thatcher, **p.c.** Fetter Productions (London), Classic Film Industries (Montreal) 1976 **col.** 35mm. **running time** 108 min., **dist.** Astral.

Mia Farrow, sinking into depression, with photos of her dead daughter.

Within the last year or so, the Canadian film industry has made several contributions to the growing number of "Bad Seed" motion pictures – films in which a spiritually or psychologically twisted child, almost invariably female, is used as an agent of mayhem and destruction. These have included Nicholas Gessner's **The Little Girl Who Lives Down The Lane**, Eddy Matalon's **Cathy's Curse**, (both of which were coproductions with France) and the Quebec episode of Denis Heroux's **The Uncanny** (a coproduction with Great Britain). Except for Gessner's film, which had the advantage of Jodie Foster in the title role and U.S. distribution by American-International, none of these works were distinguished by their plotting, execution, or by their box office reception. Thus, Richard Loncraine's **Full Circle**, based on Peter Straub's rather grisly novel *Julia* is not in very good company. All the more wonder, then, that it is really not as bad as one might expect.

It is perhaps to the credit of the backers of this film (including bookstore chain scion Julian Melzack whose Classic Film Industries is the Canadian production company), that they did not scrimp on production values. Cinematographer Peter Hamman shot **Full Circle** in a sumptuous, if rather dark style, using wide-screen Technovision equipment. While one may feel that Hamman overdoes his backlighting, it at least creates a thoroughly gloomy atmosphere that permeates the film. This is probably all to the good when the problems of the script are considered.

Writers Harry Bromley Davenport (adaption) and Dave Humphries (screenplay) have streamlined Straub's convoluted plot – wisely, though uncharacteristically discarding much of the supernatural and almost all of the sexual aspects of the story. The resulting material could have made a good suspenseful thriller in the Hitchcock mold, had the director had the wit to do so.

Richard Loncraine, however, chose instead to indulge in some fancy games with the viewers, beginning with some rather obvious casting. Mia Farrow, looking as clipped and gaunt as she did ten years ago, plays Julia Lofting, a depressive young woman who buys an atmospheric period house off London's Holland Park. There, she shuts herself away from her domineering husband Magnus (stolidly played by Keir Dullea) to mourn over the violent death of her eight year old daughter. Soon she feels herself haunted by the vengeful spirit of another child, Olivia Rudge, who had also died violently over thirty years before, having been the instigator of the murder and mutilation of a playmate. It is just possible that Julia is insane, and has conjured Olivia's ghost out of a series of coincidences and her guilt over her daughter. Using this basic story, in itself derivative, Loncraine shows threadbare imagination by making passing allusions to a whole raft of psychological films, among them **Rosemary's Baby** and **Secret Ceremony**, **Bunny Lake is Missing** and **Wait Until Dark** and even uses some Vertigo-like staircase shots. In the midst of this, the plot gets so mired that Loncraine kills off three members of the cast – Dullea, Tom Conti as Julia's boyfriend, and Robin Gammell as one of Olivia's former gang – without any other reason than to get them out of the way. The deaths do not affect Farrow's character at all. This kind of arbitrary twist is not a means of compelling suspense; it is an artificial outlet from a sloppy plot.

The main problem with **Full Circle** seems to lie in the contradictions which are inherent in Loncraine's approach to the film. He was obviously aiming for a higher artistic plane than the blood-drenched fantasies of a Corman disciple like David Cronenberg. The fact that he never shows the phantom

Olivia (enigmatically and silently played, when she does appear, by a hollow-eyed and pretty girl named Samantha Gates) makes actually killing anybody a mark in his favor. Yet, he remains faithful to some of the most hoary conventions of the horror genre. One of these is the use of a mad old woman who speaks truths that are unrecognized, except by the hysterical heroine. Here, these roles are filled by Mary Morris, made up to look like Mia Farrow might at the age of seventy, and by Cathleen Nesbitt, who rather overdoes a classic death scene. Yet another convention is the whining piano and synthesizer score composed by Colin Towns. At least it does not resort to direct quotations from the works of Bernard Herrmann.

In the end, one is unsatsified with Richard Loncraine's work in **Full Circle**, partly because there was the promise of much better things. When the visual effects come together – Farrow's waifish vulnerability, Hamman's photography – the results are more often than not frustrated by the inconsistent plot. When Loncraine moves away from atmosphere to attempt to tell the story, the film seems to jerk in several disconcerting ways.

The problem may, in the end, lie in the genre itself. Almost all attempts to bring situations and characters that are proper to the Gothic tradition into a modern setting succeed only because a suspension of disbelief is achieved, especially if a child is depicted as an evil force. Because characters are so ill-defined in **Full Circle**, Richard Loncraine is not able to achieve anything like this, and so the effect is dissipated.

J. Paul Costabile

SHORT FILM REVIEWS

UNREMITTING TENDERNESS

Filmmaker: R. Bruce Elder,
Length: 9 minutes, color,
Lightworks Production, 1977,
Distributor: Lightworks Productions.

LOOK! WE HAVE COME THROUGH

Filmmaker: R. Bruce Elder,
Length: 12 minutes, b&w,
Lightworks Production, 1978,
Distributor: Lightworks Productions.

Stan Brakhage once asked us to "imagine a world before the beginning was the word." It is an invitation to another plane of perception, a more holistic plane where the subtle chains that bind and fix us into narrow pathways of separation and arbitrary divisions are left behind. I thought of this invitation while watching these two films by Bruce Elder, a filmmaker who, like Brakhage, is caught up in the synaesthetic and kinaesthetic flow of color, forms and motion, especially in their transformations. **Unremitting Tenderness** is the more gentle of the two films, gentle in the sense that its structure takes us more easily through its own process. The opening section, approximately 12 different shots of the dancer Sarah Lockett, functions like a threat to lead us through the labyrinthian transformations which follow, done through optical printing and rearrangements of the initial sequence. The affect, for me, is of scales falling away from the eyes, layer by layer, as if progressing unremittingly closer to the optic nerve. Yet, the combination of sitar music, fluid cutting on movement, and the color progressions make the process a painless one, as in meditation. There is a gradual working-through, both of the materials of film itself and of one's perceptions, into a final release which I can only describe as a sense of flying. Material confines seem to have been dissolved and gravity itself defied, as though one had stepped into the fourth-dimension of relativeity theory or the higher plane of Eastern mystics. There is a final, fragile coming to a point of rest, almost a bitter-sweet recognition of the necessity of being grounded once again in materiality. **Unremitting Tenderness** is a remarkable achievement as both a film "about" dance and a film "about" film because its creator so well understands both.

Even so, in comparison, **Look! We Have Come Through** is the more accomplished and intense work. Elder here set himself the difficult task of creating a seamless whole from approximately 385 separate shots, again of a dancer in motion. Unlike **Unremitting Tenderness**, this film does not rely on optical printing or loops to achieve its transformations. Instead, it is a revelation of the editing process, in this case done with remarkable care and precision. The intensity is in the cutting – almost an attempt to see simultaneously from all perspectives, but it is also in the use of extremes of darkness and light in tension within the frame. In comparison to **Unremitting Tenderness**, the camera distance from the dancer is lessened here by a quantum leap, and the interrelationship between moving body and moving camera is thereby heightened to the intensity of a struggle. In this piece, there is a terrible urgency, and an agony unlike anything I've seen visualized elsewhere, unless it be in the expressionist woodcuts of Edvaard Munch. Yet, such a comparison ignores the extraordinary fluidity achieved in the editing, the exploration of dunamic motion which this filmmaker pursues relentlessly.

The work of Bruce Elder should be familiar to a Canadian audience. In 1976 his film **Barbara Is a Vision of Loveliness** won a Canadian Film Award in the category of experimental film. The very elimination of that category from the Awards this year does not bode well for Canadian film artists attempting to challenge the confines of filmmaking and our perceptions.

Joyce Nelson

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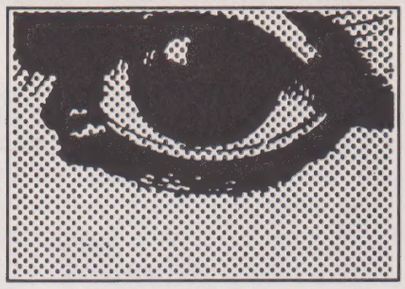

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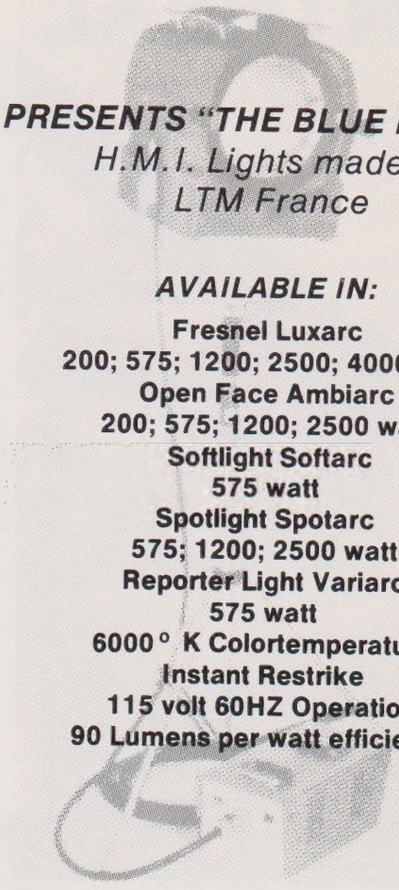

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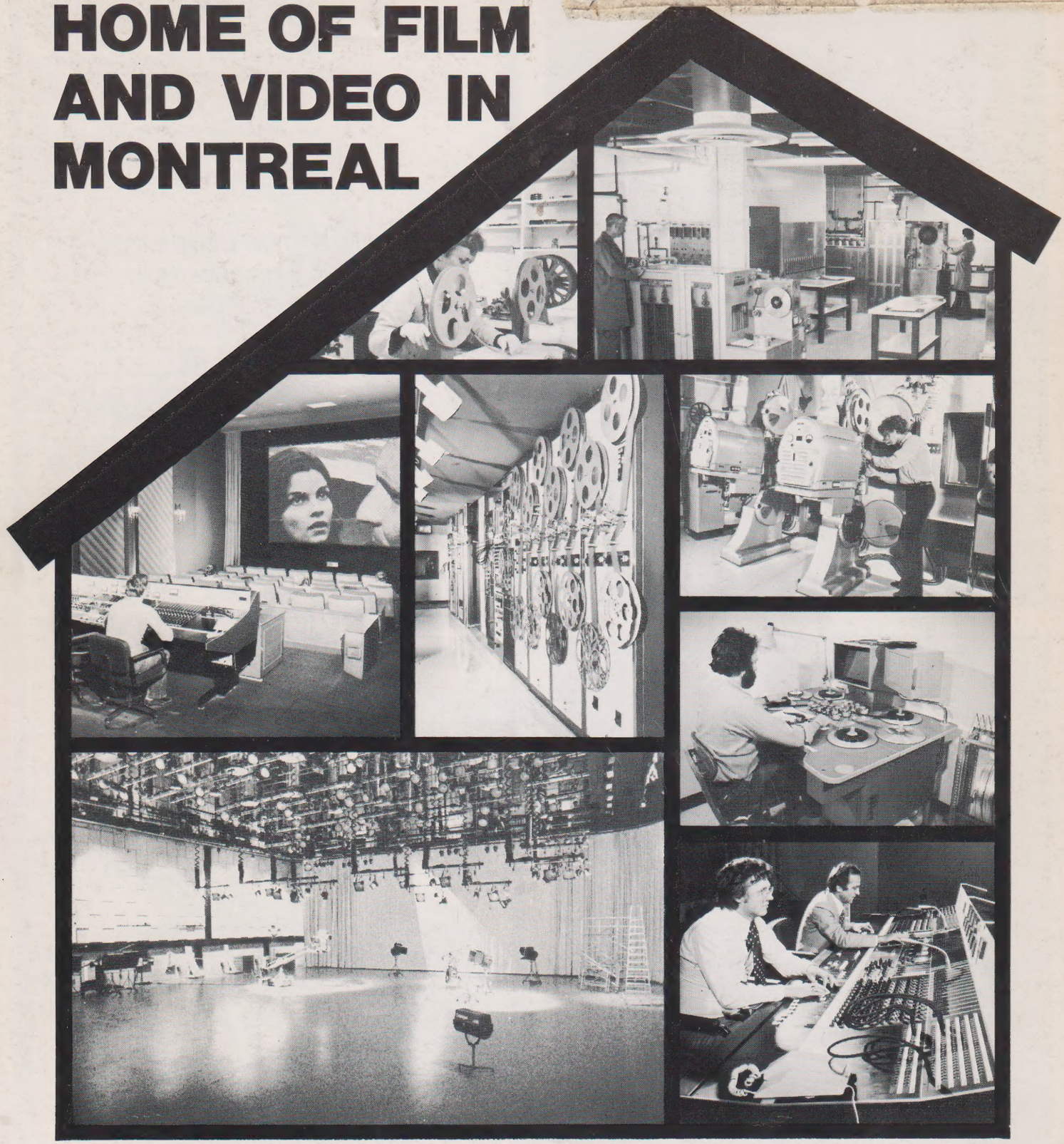

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